

# The Sketch

No. 766.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1907.

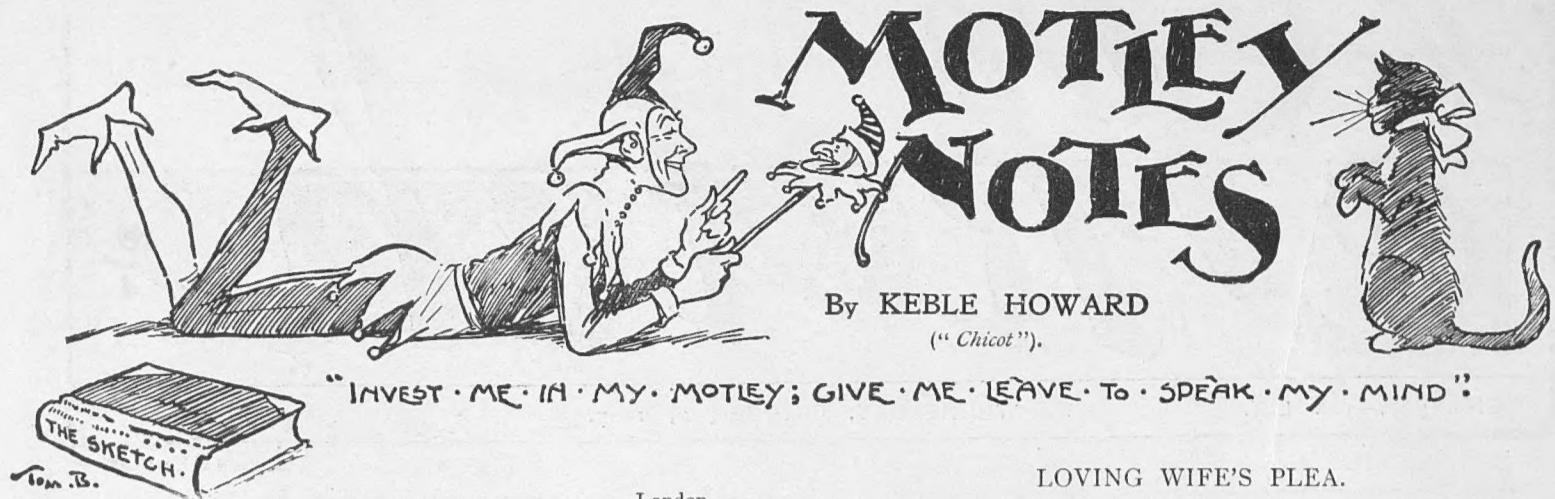
SIXPENCE.



THE MATINÉE ZENA DARE! MISS MAIE ASH,

WHO IS PLAYING MISS DARE'S PART IN THE AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES OF "THE GAY GORDONS."

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*



**Latest Society  
Craze.**

London.  
You imagine, of course, that I am going to talk about "Diabolo." You are quite wrong. The very smartest people were "Diabolo" experts long before it reached this country. Even I, who am not at all smart, broke eleven windows at Pont-Aven. No; Society cannot bear the mention of the name "Diabolo," and even in the nurseries of Mayfair it is considered shocking bad form to be detected in the act of sucking a spool. In place of "Diabolo," though, a new and very delightful craze has arisen. It is known as "Zoomania." To become a "Zoomaniac," you must cultivate a wildly enthusiastic interest in all the baby animals born in the "Zoo." A month or two ago there was a dear little baby gorilla to make a fuss-over, but this clashed with "Diabolo." There is nothing, however, to interfere with the new baby giraffe—except the fact that all the most beautiful women in London society are overfeeding it. I am informed on excellent authority that one fine afternoon last week no fewer than four Countesses were seen motoring to Regent's Park with sacks of carrots beside them, and I hear that the wife of a very well-known American millionaire has made a corner in mangel-wurzels. The baby giraffe, though suffering from acute dyspepsia, nevertheless manages to receive her visitors with a pleasant gurgle. There is great jealousy in the theatrical world, especially about the length of her neck.

**The Tobacco  
Habit.**

A great many letters have reached me—I haven't the slightest idea how I managed to draw the fire—on the subject of the "tobacco habit." I cannot, of course, print them all, but here are a few selected at random by my assistant-secretary, who is a pretty deft fellow at jobs of this kind—

**THE CANDLE CURE.**

SIR,—Some years ago I was ordered to give up cigarette-smoking, and found it an exceedingly difficult matter to do, but on mentioning it to a real pal, he replied—"Oh," he replied, "you can easily do that," he replied. "Go and buy a candle, and when you find the craving for tobacco coming on, bite it." This I did, starting with wax, and found it successful, of course with perseverance. What I found suited me best was tallow, as that invariably laid me up for a week or two, so that I could not even take food, much less smoke. For ten years I have carried the same piece in my pocket, and would not be without it on any consideration. In further praise of the cure I may state that anyone wishing to abstain from anything whatever has only to use this remedy.

Bayswater-on-Sea.

ALFRED.

**AUTO-SUGGESTION.**

SIR,—Almost from the cradle I have been a slave to cigarettes, and as I am now eighty-seven it is pretty obvious that if I don't cure myself of the habit as quickly as possible I stand a good chance of dying in the toils. Every morning, therefore, immediately on waking, I say to myself, "You are a silly old ass! You think you want a cigarette, but, as a matter of fact, you had far better have a bath." I admit that this argument seldom prevails, but I shall go on doing it because nothing annoys my wife more than to hear me talking to myself.

Semaphore Vicarage:

CANTAB.

P.S.—Some of my parishioners are anxious that I should inaugurate Auto-Suggestion classes in the village schoolroom this winter. The village blacksmith, who is a confirmed mutterer, is very keen about it. What do you advise?

# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

**LOVING WIFE'S PLEA.**

SIR,—Is there anything in the known world that will help to keep a man from tobacco-smoking? My husband is a very dear fellow, a thrifty man, industrious, and enjoys perfect health. But since reading the correspondence in your valuable paper I have come to the conclusion that I ought to dock him of his evening pipe. On Friday morning, our washing day, I threw it into the copper, but he fished it out with the frying-pan, and was brute enough to call me a fool. He has never addressed me in such harsh terms before, and you will understand that I had to abandon the washing and retire to my bedroom in a flood of tears, which I vainly endeavoured to staunch with my washing-apron. I still persevered, however, and on Saturday, when he was out on his motor-cycle, I told little Willie to take the pipe and bury it in the garden. Willie, the dear little lad, made a hole about eight feet deep, and buried the pipe as safely as you please; but when, with natural boyish pride, he told his father what he had done, his father, I regret to say, gave him a sharp slap on the face, and told him to go and dig it up again. This was the first time that he had ever struck one of the children in anger, and, of course, I retired again to my bedroom, and should have had hysterics if all the windows hadn't been open on account of the unnatural warmth of the weather. What can be done? A loving wife asks it. The women of the last generation were nearly successful in docking their husbands of their supper beer; the women of this generation simply *must* dock them of something, and I think it had better be the evening pipe.

Didcot Junction.

A LOVING WIFE.

**"Vocalist Swallows  
Fly."**

Public people are only just awaking to the fact that everything they do, and everything they think, and everything that happens to them, however apparently insignificant, is of tremendous interest to the readers of newspapers. Ten years ago, a novelist might go as far as Brighton without making much fuss about it, but now he will be photographed at Victoria Station in the act of buying a ticket, and a genuine thrill will run through England as it gazes on the result. In one of my eleven daily papers I have just come across the portrait of a very charming lady singer. The photograph shows her in a pensive attitude—cheek on hand, restful, "something-attempted-something-done" look in the eyes. Beneath the portrait I find the usual reason for the publication. It runs thus: "Miss —, the famous soprano, who was so unfortunate as to swallow a fly while singing one of her solos yesterday. The accident did not seriously interfere with the voice of the singer." Now, in days gone by, people kept on swallowing flies like anything, and nothing was heard of the feat outside their own immediate circle. Which just shows you that you must be constantly on the alert, or your hat may be blown off in the street and the masses be none the wiser.

**Our Sporting  
Corner.**

The lawn-tennis match between the Bishop of London and the President of the United States has already given rise to several very interesting athletic fixtures on this side of the Atlantic. I hear that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to race Little Tich from the Carlton Hotel to the top of the Haymarket and back for the Irving Challenge Cup; John Burns and Miss Billington will wrestle in Trafalgar Square at three o'clock next Sunday afternoon, the winner to be allowed to address the spectators from six till twelve on the Suffragette question; whilst Lieutenant Mackenzie Rogan, of the Coldstream Guards, will meet Sir Edward Elgar in a quarterstaff combat, thus deciding once and for all whether any English band is fit to play "Pomp and Circumstance." The croquet-match between Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine, using the heads of the critics for balls, is postponed, Mr. Caine asserting that the critics have lost their heads.

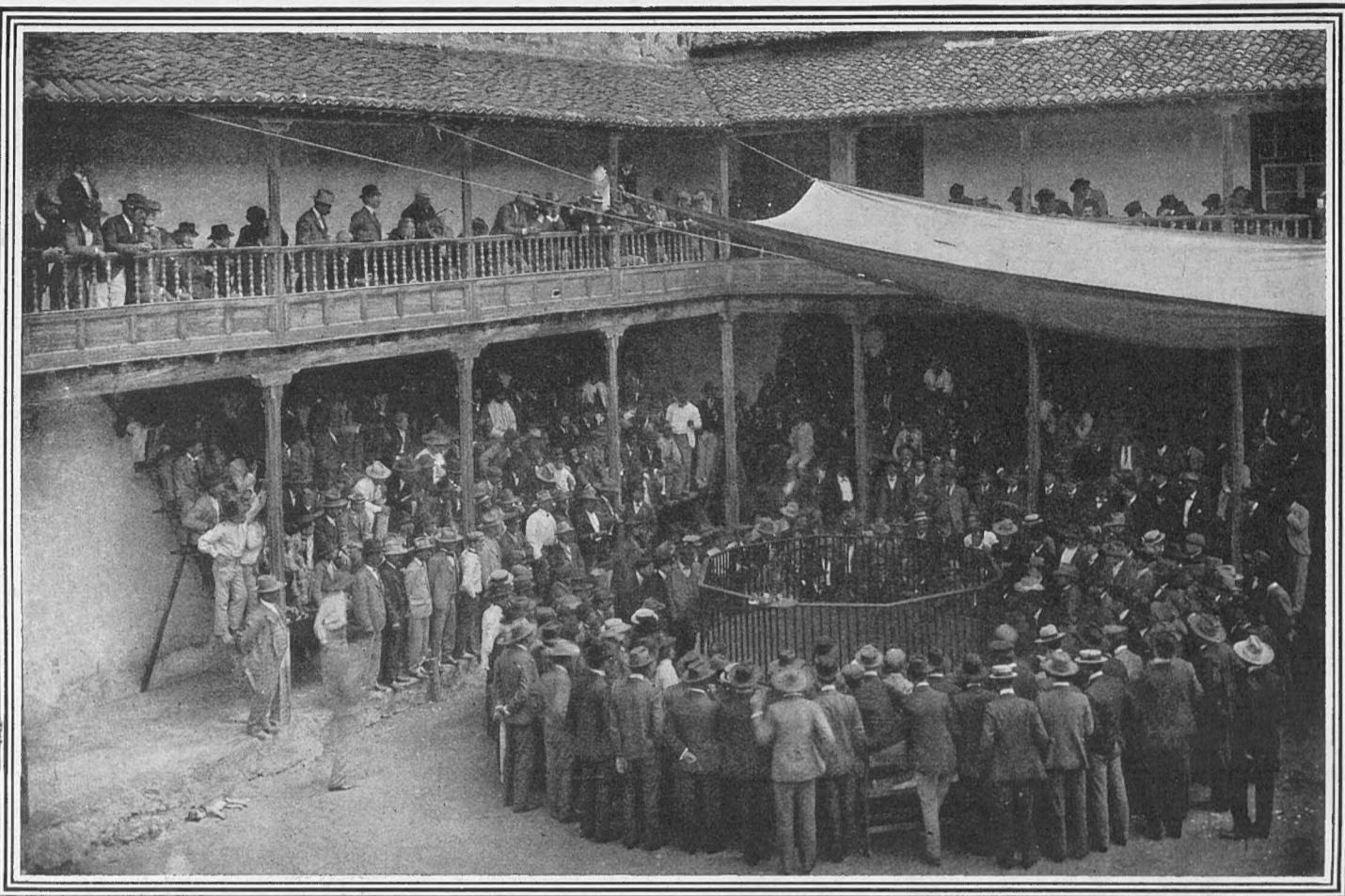
## THE SUIT TO FALL OUT IN: BUMPLESS BALLOON-DESCENTS.



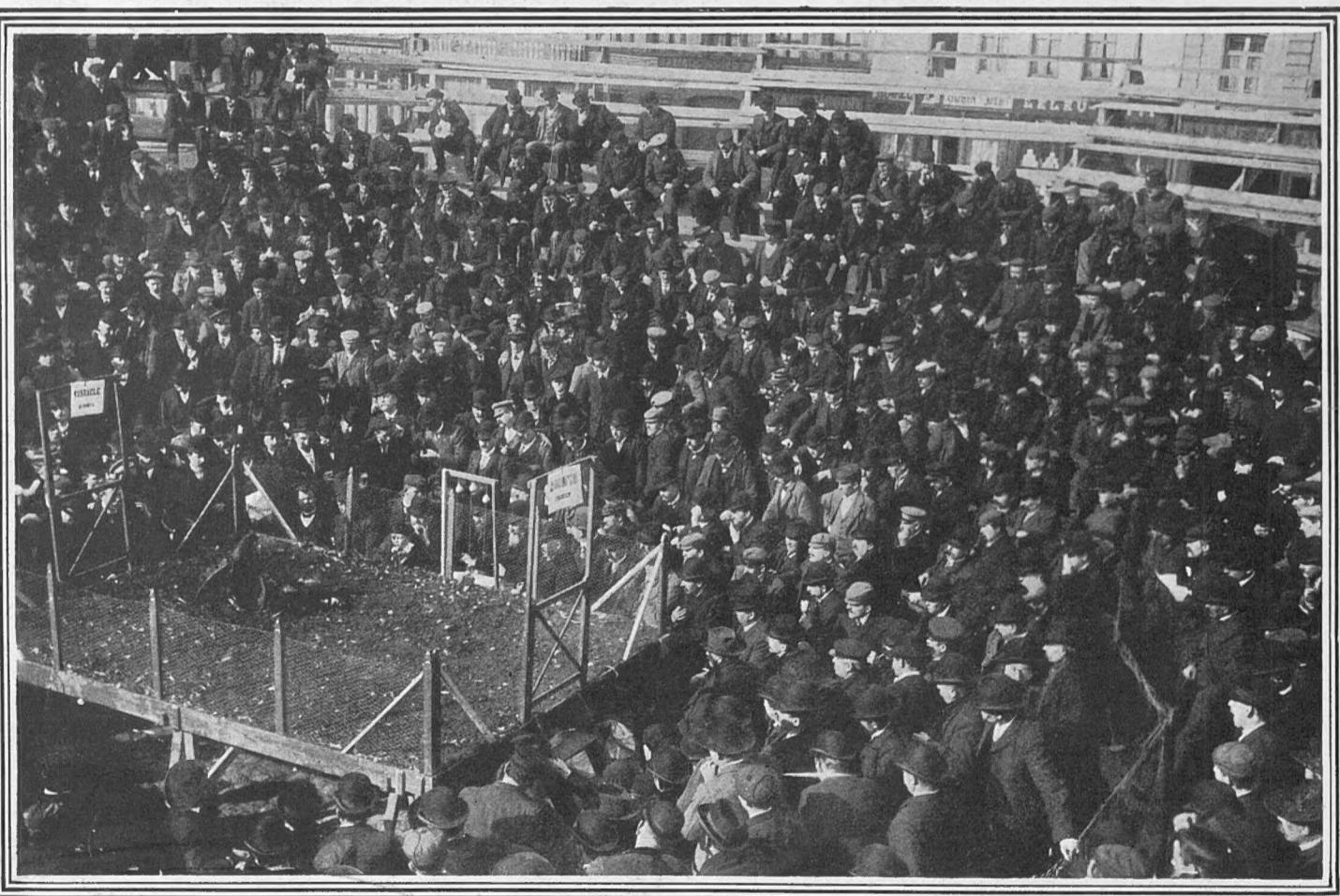
COUNT DE LA VAULX'S PADDED SAFETY SUIT FOR WEAR ON AIRSHIP JOURNEYS, AND AN UNFORTUNATE LANDING — THE THING TO AVOID AND THE WAY TO AVOID IT.

Generally adopted, Count de la Vaulx's suit would doubtless make for the greater safety of the aeronaut, but would it increase the popularity of ballooning? Imagine the Society woman in such a garb.—[Photograph of the suit by Bolak; setting by "The Sketch."]

## VIVE LA JOUTE DE COQS! FRANCE'S NEW SPORT?



A TYPICAL PIT THAT FRANCE MAY IMITATE: A COCK-FIGHT IN THE CANARY ISLANDS.



COCK-FIGHTING IN FRANCE: THE END OF A BOUT AT BÉTHUNE — THE CONQUEROR CROWING HIS VICTORY.

Persistent rumour has it that cock-fighting is to become general in France, and certainly various attempts are being made to popularise it there, as well as to encourage it in aristocratic sporting circles. As we noted in our issue last week, the sport is illegal in this country, but still flourishes elsewhere. Cock-fights are held on seven consecutive Sundays in March and April at Puerto Orotava, Teneriffe, the pit being in the patio of the town hall. The cocks are not fitted with artificial spurs, and the usual time for a bout is from ten to twelve minutes, although now and then a bird will be killed by the first blow given in a contest. The series of fights at Béthune was held on a Sunday this year for a prize of £1600. Forty-eight couples competed.

*First photograph by L. J. Priestley; second by Souillard.*

## THE MERRY WIDOW'S NEW PARTNER.



MR. MAURICE FARKOA, WHO IS TO PLAY MR. JOSEPH COYNE'S PART IN "THE MERRY WIDOW,"  
AND IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

Before very long the popular Mr. Joseph Coyne's contract takes him to America, and when this happens Mr. Maurice Farkoa will be seen at Daly's as Prince Danilo. Meantime Mr. Farkoa is at the Palace.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

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*Photographs 1, 2, 3, 4 and 7 by Lafayette, Dublin; 5 by Lallie Charles; 6 by Rita Martin. (See Article on the "Woman-About-Town" page.)*

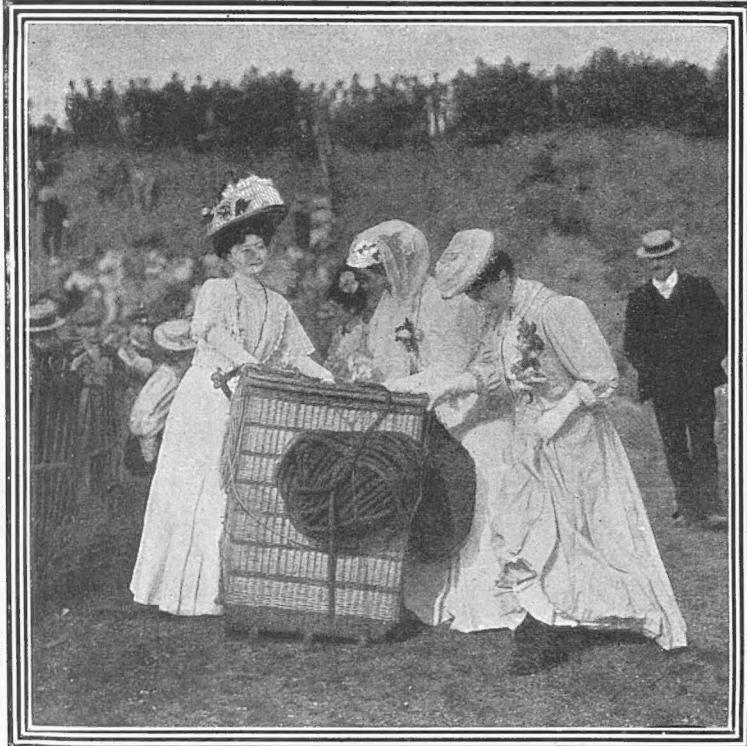


MR. WU AND HIS JOKES—A CHINESE SIGN-PAINTER—THE AUTUMN MANOEUVRES.

THE Americans seem to regard Mr. Wu Ting Fang, who is returning to Washington as Chinese Minister, with something of the same affectionate admiration that we in England give to Mark Twain. Mr. Wu makes grave jokes at the expense of the people of the United States, and they like it. One of his practical jokes, when pestered for his autograph on menus, has been to write something which was undoubtedly in Chinese characters, and

board, and he found that it read "Fat Fool." He said nothing then, but during the next day or two he looked at many boards, and was much amused. There was one very small man—I think he was a doctor—whose name-board described him as "Shrimp near the Ground." The joke was, of course, far too good for the official to keep to himself, and there was a sudden disappearance of name-boards from the gate-posts. What happened to the sign-painter I do not know, but his countrymen, if he lost his business, ought to have pensioned him for the sake of his joke.

All the spectators with knowledge of war are very pleased with the qualities shown by our soldiers of all ranks in the manoeuvres this year. They say that the Japanese and our own men are the only soldiers who have learned the lessons of the last two wars. Our British privates, they say, have at last understood that real bravery consists in taking all necessary risks to kill your adversary, not in standing out in the open to be killed yourself. The Germans, however, do not at all agree with this verdict. They still send their men in masses across the open to attack entrenched positions, and they hold that an immense sacrifice of life is a necessity in modern warfare. A German Colonel told me the other day that his countrymen do not underrate the bravery of our private soldiers, but that a German army would have got across the Tugela. "Your men are always willing to die, your generals are afraid to have them killed. If Wellington had fought the battle of Waterloo in 1907 the Welsh members of Parliament would have impeached him for leaving his men out in the open when they might have been safely entrenched in a forest."



LADIES WHO SEEK RELAXATION IN THE CLOUDS: MADAME SURCOUF, PRÉSIDENTE OF THE WOMEN'S COMMITTEE OF THE AERONAUTIQUE CLUB DE FRANCE, AND OTHER LADY AERONAUTS.

Paris ladies are vastly interested in ballooning. There is hardly a week passes but some adventurous dame soars into the blue. They have actually a club—or, more properly, a club within a club: the Women's Committee of the Aeronautique Club de France. Here they meet at irregular intervals and deliberate on the progress of feminine aeronautics. The "Présidente" is Madame Surcouf, the wife of a well-known balloon-constructor. The membership is sixty "audacieuses," who possess the ambition "de voir les choses de haut," as the French expression is, as often as possible. The other day there was a competition, and aeronauts in skirts sat in beautiful balloons, and pronounced the traditional

"Let go!" in clear feminine voices.—[Photograph by Jan de Holewinski.]

might have been his name if it had not been in reality his honest opinion of the people who were disturbing him at dinner-time. This is no new joke, but it, or jokes similar to it, have given great delight to the Chinese time out of mind. The occasion on which it was played on the largest scale was when a British Minister Plenipotentiary sailed up to Canton to receive apologies and reparation for some offence the Chinese had committed. He was given by the Chinese at Hong-Kong a flag on which they had inscribed his titles, so they said. What the flag really bore in big letters was—"Barbarians bearing tribute."

But the most delicate form of the joke was one perpetrated by a signboard-writer during the period that I was quartered at Hong-Kong. The strange-looking compound Chinese letters have, of course, both a sound and a meaning, and the ingenious sign-writer who painted the boards which were outside all the houses managed to convey the approximate pronunciation of the owner's name and a sarcastic description of him at the same time. No white man in Hong-Kong knew of the practical joke which had been played, and the yellow men, who relished it immensely, never even smiled.

But a white official, a Chinese scholar, happened to call one afternoon on the wife of one of the merchants, and as he waited outside the gate he amused himself by deciphering the name on the



Mr. Le Queux. Signor Toselli.  
THE SECRET (!) WEDDING OF THE COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO AND SIGNOR ENRICO TOSELLI, THE ITALIAN MUSICIAN: THE COUNTESS, SIGNOR TOSELLI, AND MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, ONE OF THE WITNESSES.

On Wednesday morning of last week Marie Antoinette Louise, Countess of Montignoso, formerly Marie Antoinette Louise, Archduchess of Austria, spinster, the divorced wife of Frederick Augustus, Crown Prince of Saxony, now King of Saxony, was married at the Strand Registry Office to Enrico Toselli, bachelor, professor of music. The marriage was secret—if the word "secret" can be used in connection with a marriage that had a newspaper correspondent as one of the chief witnesses, and that was placarded within a few minutes of the ceremony. The Countess was born in 1870, and married the Crown Prince of Saxony, now King of Saxony, in 1891. In 1902 she fled to Geneva, where she lived with a Belgian tutor, M. Giron, for nearly a year, and renounced all her royal rights and privileges as an Austrian Archduchess. In February 1903 she was divorced by her husband, who allows her £2000 a year.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

## MAKING THE WORLD A SKATING - RINK.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



ONE OF THE SKATES SEEN FROM BEHIND.

THE NEW CUSHION-TYRED ROAD-SKATES IN USE.

SIDE VIEW OF ONE OF THE SKATES.

The newest road-skates differ from the regulation roller-skates and the two-wheeled road-skates of some years ago in that there is but one wheel to each foot. The inventor, a Swiss engineer, Herr Koller, claims that a single wheel enables the skater to execute turns that would be impossible on skates with more wheels. Herr Koller intends to make an attempt to increase the value of these skates by driving them by motor-power. In that case the necessary spirit would be carried on the skater's back, and other parts of the apparatus in a belt round the waist. For the purpose of our illustration we have placed Miss Gladys Carrington on a pair of the skates.

*Photographs of the skates by Gradenwitz; photograph of Miss Carrington by Bassano.*

## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"JOY"—"BARRY DOYLE'S REST CURE."

THE title of Mr. Galsworthy's comedy hardly indicates the feelings caused by it in the audience. Yet if we were less than joyful, we had an agreeable afternoon watching a clever play and admirable acting. The worst fault was that the comedy was too short; we could have enjoyed another act—this happens rarely. It seems strange to say by way of criticism that this very modern author sins like his predecessors by providing a conventional "happy ending"—if it be correct to say that his piece has any ending. As a matter of fact, just when we were intensely interested by the contest between Joy and her mother's lover, and uncertain which would win, we were switched off to a kind of siding and left there—left wondering what happened on the main line, which clearly was the fight in the mother's heart between lawless love on the one hand, and maternal affection, instincts of morality craving for respectability, and so on, on the other. One would not like to think that because Joy got a sweetheart she took no further interest in her mother; perhaps this was the case—possibly the play was a study in the selfishness of youth; but really authors ought to make their meanings clearer, for some of us are very dense.

Still, "Joy" is a clever, truthful work, very amusing in a quiet way, and interesting throughout. The technique may have been rather clumsy in some places, and there were clearly too many pauses, but the comedy ambled along agreeably, even if we were puzzled greatly as to what was going to happen. For your modern dramatist is adroit in baffling the curiosity of the critic, and thereby keeping him on the alert. In the case of some playwrights, the expert, after seeing the first act and studying the programme, knows very well what is going to happen, and, if unconscientious, listens lazily. Quite otherwise is the case with "Joy." This is the result of the effort to avoid fitting characters to a plot. According to the new recipe, you conceive half-a-dozen characters as truly and vividly as you can; then you bring them into contact with one another, and see what sort of events come about from their clashing, and these events properly ordered from your plot.

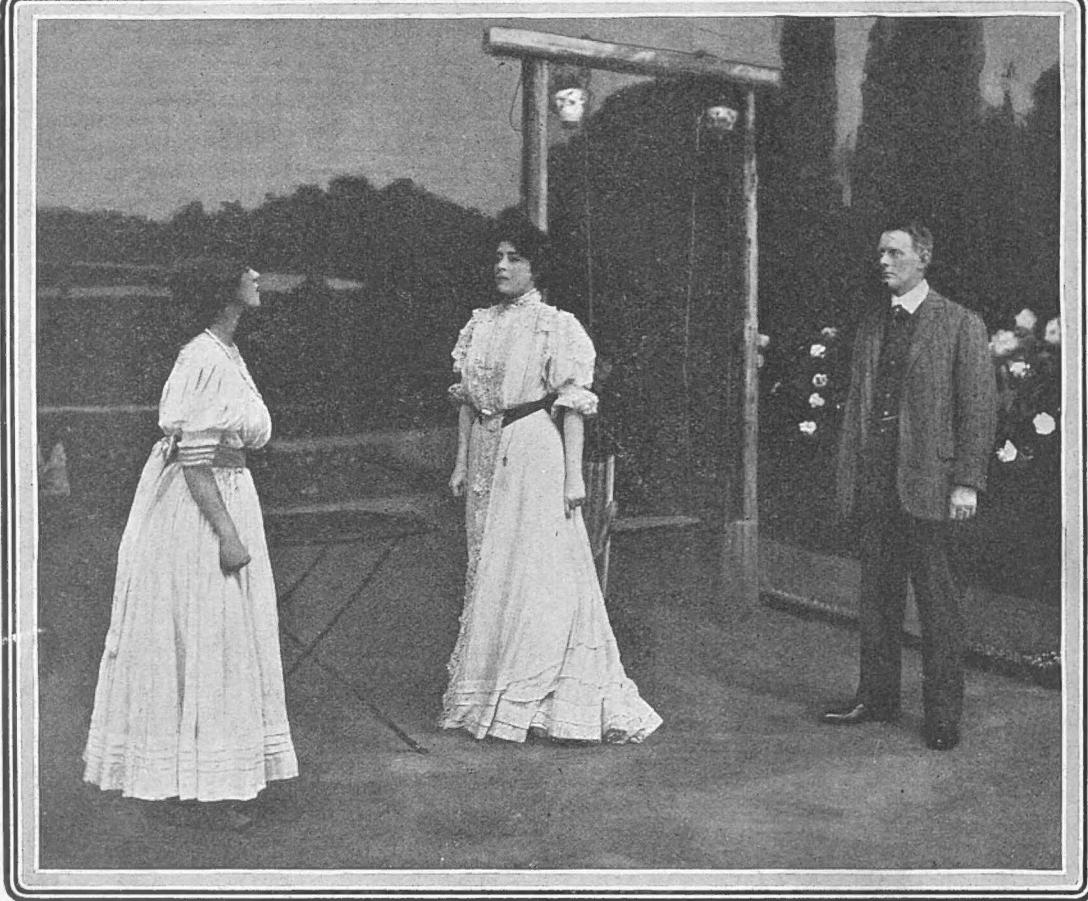
No one is more skilful than Mr. Galsworthy in setting his characters firmly before us. I admit that Mrs. Gwyn, the mother, seemed a little shadowy—was rather a passion than a woman—so Miss Wynne Matthison, though she played her part finely, was less interesting than usual. Nor was the lover strongly painted; yet there were subtle suggestions that he was beginning to get tired of his mistress, and Mr. Thalberg Corbett played all aspects of the part very ably. Joy is a charmingly drawn picture of girlhood,

acted delightfully up to a certain point by Miss Dorothy Minto, who was not able fully to express the girl's anguish. The part of her boyish lover was capitally rendered by Mr. Allan Wade: the love-making scene between the two was quite delicious. Mr. A. E. George was altogether admirable as the chivalrous middle-aged officer, a finely drawn figure. Miss Florence Haydon really was Miss Beech, a quaint, kindly old governess, bubbling over with quiet fun; the humours and little note of pathos in "Beechy" were quite irresistible. Miss Henrietta Watson realised excellently a clever study of a fussy, good-natured, domineering woman. Miss Amy Lamborn, Miss Mary Barton, and Mr. Frederick Lloyd were useful members of a very cleverly chosen cast.

In the case of "Barry Doyle's Rest Cure," we have a piece almost exactly the antipodes to "Joy." Nearly all the good qualities possessed by Mr. Galsworthy's comedy are absent from the piece with which Mr. Otho Stuart has begun his career at the Court Theatre.

In deed, Mr. Stuart, for whose strenuous efforts at the Adelphi playgoers have great respect, seems to have chosen his new piece as a kind of counterblast to the Vedrenne-Barker management and decided to show plainly from the start that he is with the reactionaries. I doubt whether this is really the case. The funny thing is that Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord are not in the plot, and label, quite seriously I presume, their mechanical puppet play "a modern comedy." Perhaps the "modern" is a joke, a snare for critics—if so, it is excellent. What

a pity it could not be put into the piece, which has very few excellent jokes? It may be that one ought not to hit too hard at a play which certainly amused many of the audience greatly. It is, however, disappointing to find that instead of a "modern" drama, with some thoughtful study of life, fine humours, and conscientious pictures of people, which enable players to act superbly—or seem to do so—we have a commonplace, farcical work based on the often-used idea of the millionaire who, fearful that he will never be married for love, pretends to be his poor friend Jack—"Charles" was that friend's name in the eighteenth-century drama. The acting test is unfavourable to the play. Miss Carlotta Addison and Mr. E. W. Garden could make little of their parts, which proves a good deal. Mr. Graham Browne worked prodigiously and very ably at the part of Barry without proportionate result. Mr. C. M. Lowne was comic as a cockney valet; Mr. E. Y. Rae was an entertaining stage Highlander. Miss Beatrice Terry and Miss Rose Musgrave played quite agreeably as two pretty, loving girls. Yet there was a noteworthy absence of triumph among the players.



MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "JOY" AT THE SAVOY: THE DAUGHTER, THE MOTHER, AND THE LOVER—MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS JOY, MISS WYNNE-MATTHISON AS MRS. GWYN, AND MR. THALBERG CORBETT AS THE HON. MAURICE LEVER.

Joy discovers that her mother is carrying on an intrigue with the Hon. Maurice Lever, for whom she has an instinctive aversion. Thus the mother, who is devoted to her daughter, finds that she must choose between her lover and that daughter.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*

IN THE PERFORATED DOMICILE: "BARRY DOYLE'S REST CURE,"  
AT THE COURT.



1. THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRATHESK CONDOLE WITH BARRY DOYLE AND HIS FRIEND FOR HAVING HAD TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE BARRA HOUSE.

2. BARRY DOYLE ENDEAVOURS TO MEND THE ROOF OF THE PERFORATED DOMICILE IN WHICH HE IS TAKING A REST CURE.

"Barry Doyle's Rest Cure" tells the familiar story of a young millionaire who changes places with his friend and secretary, and so causes much entanglement of his own love affair and that of the said secretary. Barry Doyle's case is further complicated by the fact that Lady Jean Hamilton, with whom he is in love, has vowed not to marry a rich man. In the first photograph are Barry Doyle (Mr. W. Graham Browne), Jack Harverson (Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore), the Countess of Strathesk (Miss Carlotta Addison), the Earl of Strathesk (Mr. E. W. Garden), and Cotter (Mr. C. M. Lowne). In the second photograph are Jack Harverson, Barry Doyle, and Cotter.

*Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.*



THE HON. CONSTANCE CALTHORPE,  
WHO IS TO MARRY MR. EUSTACE  
WRIXON-BECHER ON THE 8th.

*Photograph by Hughes and Mullins.*

the youngest of the four sisters became the Countess of Malmesbury. Yet another sister is married to a brother of the new Lord Bristol.

*A Very Great Man.* To those of us who remember the striking words in which Mr. Gladstone introduced Lord Rosebery to the world on admitting him into the Cabinet, those words are recalled by the visit of Mr. Elihu Root to Mexico. His visit is of real importance to British investors, for he is going to see, with President Diaz, if something cannot be done to settle and solidify the Central American Republics. Almost a miracle would be required for the fulfilment of the task, but "Elihu" is, in the opinion of President Roosevelt, the man for miracles. It was his eulogy which recalled that pronounced by Gladstone upon the man who was to succeed him in the Premiership. "Elihu Root," said the President, "is a man who could fill any of the State Secretarieships as well as any man there now; and, in addition, he is what probably none of these gentlemen could be—a great Secretary of War. Elihu Root is the ablest man I have known in our Government service. I will go further: he is the greatest man that has appeared in the public life of any country, in any position, on either side of the ocean in my time." Decidedly this is the man for the Central American Republics.

#### *The Marchioness of Headfort.*

It may be said without fear of contradiction that among the most successful Peerage - Stage alliances the world has ever known has been the marriage of the beautiful actress who chose to play under her own honest patronymic of Rosie Boote, and the Marquess of Headfort. Great was the gossip which centred about the pair during their romantic engagement; but the young peer lived up to his lucky motto, "He attains whatever he seeks," and the six years which have elapsed since his

wedding-day have fully justified him in his choice. Lady Headfort at once won the hearts of her lord and master's Irish tenantry, and, what was perhaps more difficult, she also conquered the gentry living near her two Irish homes. Her eldest son, little Lord Beactive, who is five years old, and was born on a First of May (supposed to be a singularly lucky date), bears the old-fashioned Irish name of Terence.

#### *"Free-Scooters."*

Ernest Blum, who has just died in Paris, was a gay old boy who never seemed to realise that he had well passed the human span. He refused to grow old. He was noted for his light-heartedness during the Franco-German war. He had a great contempt for those Frenchmen who thought it better for their health to be in England or Switzerland when the Germans were marching on Paris. Blum gave them a special nickname which has stuck all these years. He called them the *francs-fleure*s in contradistinction, of course, to the *francs-tireurs*. "Filer" means to leave in a hurry and suggests a nervous threading of passages. You might render the joke "free-scooters" as opposed to free-shooters (*les francs-tireurs*). When the siege was nearly over, Blum's favourite restaurant served him with a piece of meat so hard that it was impossible to masticate it. "Sapristi!" he exclaimed, "now we have come to eating the wooden horses of the Champs Elysées."

*"The Other Eye."* It is announced that the wink is to be revived, and will be quite modish this autumn. We may, indeed, expect to see

professors arising who will loudly proclaim their power of teaching this delicate accomplishment, in which, as is well known, everything depends on the exact shadow of a shade of force exerted at the critical, unerring moment. Too much horse-power is, perhaps, worse than too little, but to wink in motor goggles requires so much that some experts recommend shifting the responsibility on to the goggles. With a photographic revolving shutter, the mere pressure of an india-rubber bulb will produce a perfectly terrifying wink from either goggle; and a little luminous paint enables the winker to execute the manœuvre even when the shades of night have fallen. Moreover, it is not generally known that everybody winks better with one eye than the other. But whether you have broken the bank at Monte Carlo, or have merely been ploughed in a limerick examination, it is advisable sometimes to use the other orb, if only to give its more skilled brother a rest.



A FARTHING THAT IS WORTH £40: A QUEEN ANNE FARTHING, DATED 1713.  
The coin fetched £40—the highest price ever realised for a farthing. It is thought to be the finest of the four known specimens. One of these is in the British Museum, and another at the Hunter Museum, Glasgow.



A POPULAR IRISH PEERESS: THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

The Marchioness was at one time well known on the stage as Miss Rosie Boote.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

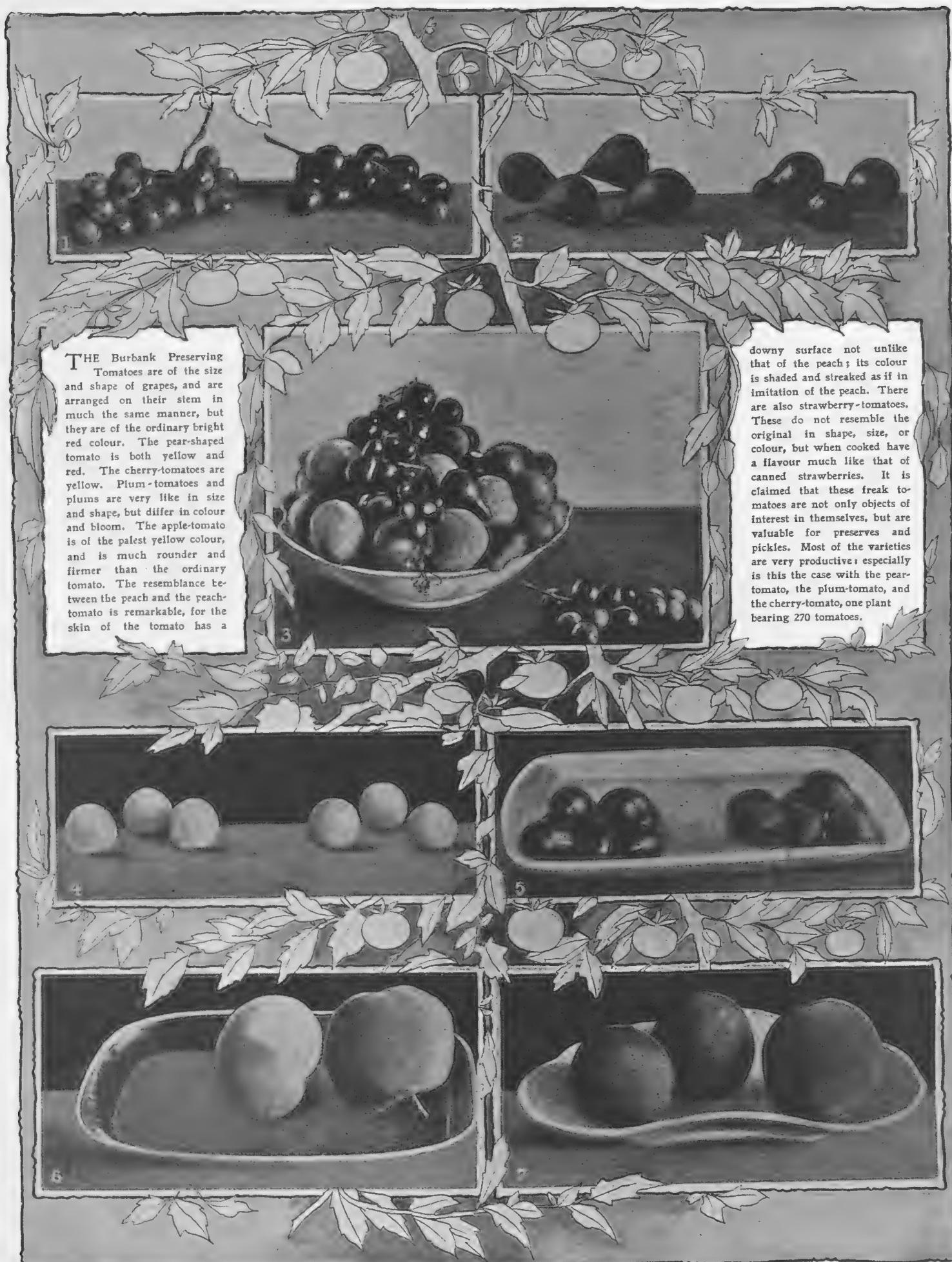


THE YOUNGEST MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER IN THE WORLD: MISS IDA LIECHT.

Miss Liecht, who is only ten years old, climbed the Jungfrau in July of this year.

*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*

TOMATOES THAT APE MANY FRUITS:  
ECCENTRICITIES OF THE COMMON VEGETABLE.



1. GRAPES, AND BURBANK PRESERVING TOMATOES THAT IMITATE GRAPES.

3. AN ALL-TOMATO DESSERT: A DISH OF TOMATOES THAT IMITATE FRUIT.

4. WHITE CHERRIES, AND YELLOW CHERRY-TOMATOES.

6. AN APPLE-TOMATO, AND AN APPLE.

2. SICKEL PEARS, AND PEAR-SHAPED TOMATOES.

5. PLUMS, AND PLUM-TOMATOES.

7. A PEACH, AND TWO PEACH-TOMATOES.

The tomato family are remarkable for the degree in which they possess the quality of imitation. As may be seen by our illustrations, the vegetable can be made to take the form of many fruits. Were it not that, in some cases at all events, the tomato fails, when it imitates a fruit, to imitate that fruit's colour and bloom it would be exceedingly difficult to pick out the tomatoes from the fruit save by touch and taste.

*Reproductions from "American Homes and Gardens," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Munn and Co., New York.*



THE MINISTER WHO HAS ORDERED THE TEACHING OF DANCING IN THE FRENCH ARMY: GENERAL PICQUART.

The General has ordered the starting of a dancing-class at the non-commissioned officers' school at Joinville-le-Pont, in order that military dancing-masters, who are to teach dancing in all the French garrisons, may be trained. He is of opinion that dancing in the barracks is likely to keep the soldiers from pursuing less innocent amusements elsewhere.

distinguished and noted of the nation's public servants. To give but one example, an honoured guest of his Majesty during his present stay at Balmoral is the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate. Many improvements have been made in the Castle to which Queen Victoria was so devoted, and the King occupies the fine suite of rooms which belonged to his own lamented father, and remained untenantanted for forty years. Queen Victoria allowed nothing in these rooms to be touched or altered in any way, and many of her younger visitors were scarcely aware of their existence.

*The Queen's New Home.* Till lately Queen Alexandra was almost the only wearer of a crown in Europe lacking what may be called a "holiday home" of her own, and even now she shares Hvidore, the delightful villa where she is now staying, with her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia. This little estate is within a drive of Copenhagen, and quite near to the royal castles of Bernstorff and Charlottenborg, both places which have for her Majesty peculiarly happy and sacred memories. The house, which is in no sense a castle, and which, indeed, had to be enlarged before it was taken possession of by its new owners, was the property of two sisters, and had

## CROWNS. CORONES. & COURTIERS.

NOW that the King is at Balmoral, Deeside may well claim to be the hub of the universe, and till his Majesty returns south each day will see more and more important and interesting visitors arriving in this beautiful and still unspoilt portion of the Highlands. When acting as bachelor host the King makes a point of asking to his sporting parties not only those who compose his own familiar circle, but the more

no royal associations. The large, airy rooms are now filled with many relics connected with Queen Alexandra's youth; and her innumerable relations have all contributed to making her own apartments homelike and charming. Thus, her boudoir is hung with water-colours painted by artistic Princesses. The gardens of Hvidore are charming, and a stretch

of sea-shore is included in the estate. Her Majesty will stay there till the end of October.



PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S SECTION OF THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION: LADY JERSEY.

Lady Jersey is to be responsible for the section known as "The Palace of Women's Work" at the forthcoming Franco-British Exhibition. She is an enthusiastic supporter of the "Children's Happy Evenings Association," and has written several children's books. Amongst her great friends was Robert Louis Stevenson, and for a time she stayed with him in Samoa.

*Photograph by Vandyk.*



THE EX-QUEEN WHO HAS MARRIED A LOVER OF HER YOUTH: LILIUOKALANI, FORMERLY QUEEN OF HAWAII AND MRS. LYDIA DOMINIS.

The ex-Queen has just married a lover of her youth, the Tahitian Prince Aripai. Liliuokalani, then known as Mrs. Lydia Dominis, acted as regent for her brother, King Kamehameha III., when that monarch toured the world in 1881. On her brother's death, in 1891, she was proclaimed Queen under the title of Liliuokalani. Her reign soon came to an end, and in 1894 she renounced her claims to the throne.

So to "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" Mr. Arthur Young, who was afterwards to win fame as an American Ambassador, was induced to contribute a certain number of words, and so to round up the pirates.



THE QUEEN'S OWN PARTICULAR HOME: HIDORE, WHICH HER MAJESTY SHARES WITH HER SISTER, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

The Queen is now staying at this villa with her sister. The estate is within a drive of Copenhagen, and close to the royal castles of Bernstorff and Charlottenborg.

*Photograph by Topical.*



A COUNTESS WHO HAS WON A QUARTER OF A MILLION FRANCS: THE COMTESSE DE NOAILLES.

According to a French correspondent, all Parisian Society is talking of the luck of the Comtesse de Noailles, who was fortunate enough to buy a lottery-ticket that brought her 250,000 francs.

## A CANDIDATE FOR JOHN STORM'S HOME OF REFUGE.



POLLY LOVE (MISS VALLI VALLI) AND HER BABY IN "THE CHRISTIAN," AT THE LYCEUM.

Polly Love is one of the young girls brought into John Storm's Home of Refuge in "The Christian." The father of her child is Lord Robert Ure, and Lady Robert Ure adopts the baby. The part is excellently played by Miss Valli Valli.

*Photograph by Bassano.*



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**A Heavy Forfeit.** The new game of which everyone is talking—an absurd game it seems to the writer in his present inability to master it—may be all very well, but it is scarcely happily named for the purposes of polite conversation. It is distinctly startling to hear that the curate, a man of blameless reputation, is “out in the garden playing the Devil with Bishop Blank.” A thing like that travels far, and brings accumulation of misunderstanding in its train. One excellent man of the cloth suffered miseries over a far more innocent pastime. He participated in the harmless, unnecessary spelling-bee at the house of a well-known hostess, and came down badly among the “n’s” in the word “drunkenness.” He cheerfully paid forfeit at the time, and uncomplainingly admitted his unfamiliarity with a word with which he could not

**No Cards.** Kind hearts are more than coronets, as a Duke may discover if, when they are trumps, you have a handful of them against him. They entered quite unexpectedly, in a figurative sense, into a game which a man of wealth and a pretty but undowered girl were reported some time ago to have played. She lost and became reckless, and played on until ruin seemed staring her in the face. “Double or quits,” said the other, and she, chancing all, assented—and lost. “Yours for quits,” he said. She looked him straight in the face. “Are you proposing to marry me?” she asked. He admitted that he was. They played, and he won. It is not a nice story—sounds stagey, but it is said to be true. Moreover, the narrator adds that the union proved an uncloudedly happy one.



A GIRL'S HEAD.



A DROWNED MAN.



A MERMAID ASLEEP.



THE ARTIST AT WORK.

STATUES IN SAND: REMARKABLE SCULPTURE MODELLED WITH A MUSSEL-SHELL.

The figures were all modelled by Mr. H. Piffard on the beach at Clacton-on-Sea. They are of damp sand, have no supports, and were modelled by the hand and a mussel-shell only.—[Photographs by Haselden.]

be expected to have expert acquaintance. But it became a very different matter when, in course of time, the story got abroad that he had been turned out of his hostess's house for drunkenness!

**The G.O.M.'s Wager.** On an American railway line, passengers, forbidden all other forms of gambling, set up a couple of pieces of sugar, and wager as to which of the two will first attract a fly. Which is about as ingenious a method of stimulating excitement as that proposed by the condemned man who wanted to take odds from his executioner that the rope broke before his criminal neck. We do not, however, get much ahead of the blasé patrons of the gambling-hells which an earlier London knew, of whom one, upon a man's collapsing at the door, made a book upon the point as to whether the sufferer would be dead or alive when they got him inside the club. Gladstone certainly had one bet—and lost it. He bet Sir James Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, a sovereign that Lord Overstone's probate would be over four millions. The testator had given freely of his wealth during his life, and the statesman lost his bet—the only one, it may be believed, which he ever made.

“No cards” might not inappropriately have figured in the wedding announcement.

**A Royal Ruse.** If the Transvaal had meant its proposed gift of a diamond necklace to the Queen to be kept a secret, the papers anticipated it. They generally do. It is most wonderful to read how the Queen goes here and there paying visits which take public institutions by surprise, when for twenty-four hours before the papers have been ringing with the story of the intended “surprise visit.” The King, as Prince of Wales, however, did bring off one coup, but he had the assistance of a master of simulation—the late J. L. Toole. The latter was to go down to play at Sandringham, without any previous intimation to the then Princess of Wales. “To enable you to preserve the secret until the last moment, I will introduce you as the Spanish Ambassador,” said the King. “But I cannot speak Spanish,” protested the comedian, picturing horrible encounters with the Court officials. “Nor can they, so your disguise will be perfect,” said the King. And it was. Not until the surprise play was over was the identity of the mock Ambassador discovered. And Spain has not yet taken cognisance of the deception—officially.

## ALMOST A DISASTER!



THE HON. BERTIE: For goodness' sake, Duke, don't move. There's someone goin' past—looks like a comic artist fellar; if he sees us he'll be makin' stupid guys of us. I couldn't bear it; I weally couldn't.

(*The Duke in tweeds—and weeds—is too overcome to speak.*)

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



THE wheel has come full circle in the case of Mr. Athol Stewart, for in acting at the Haymarket he returns to the management with which he began his theatrical career. That was in "The Second in Command" at the time it was going into the provinces, when he relinquished business in order to go on the stage. Starting as the Duke, he also understudied the part created by Mr. Allan Aynesworth.

The actor who was playing it left early in the tour, with the result that Mr. Stewart appeared in it for the rest of the time. Later on, when acting in the provinces in Mr. Carton's delightful play, "Sunshine and Shadow," Mr. Stewart had a decidedly amusing experience. A dramatic scene at the end of the second act required the aid of soft descriptive music to add to its effect. The situation represented the return, after many years, of a wife to her husband's home

such, was delighted to greet her countrywoman, whom she asked, with great excitement, "Is Queen Victoria still alive?" The incident shows how far away from a news centre, if not from civilisation, that Englishwoman was living.

Sometimes actors are like listeners in not hearing any good of themselves. That was recently the fate of Mr. Norman Page, who has played Phil, the boy twin, in every production of "You Never Can Tell" in London. Two or three weeks ago, he was playing the part at Brighton at the end of a little summer tour. As the audience was leaving the theatre, a young girl turned to her father and asked, "Are the twins in this company as good as the ones you saw in London?" "Well," said her father, "the girl is, but the boy's nothing like as good."

To be mistaken for a lunatic is a thing which has happened to many actors in a play. To be so mistaken, however, in real life is an entirely different matter. Yet such a fate once befell Miss Mary Rorke, who is playing in "Attila" at His Majesty's. A few years ago there was a great deal of agitation caused by stories of crimes committed on the late trains. Rumour credited them to an escaped lunatic, and many nervous women who had to travel late at night suffered a good deal of fear in consequence. Miss Rorke was living at Barnes at the time, and was rehearsing for Sir Henry Irving's production of "Richard III." in which, it will be remembered, she took the part of the Duchess of York.



THE WHITE-FACED KAFFIR AT HOME: MR. GEORGE CHIRGWIN TRYING THE NEW PHONO-FIDDLE.

The White-eyed Kaffir is exceedingly pleased with the new musical instrument, which is a combination of the horn and the violin. He is now playing it during his "turns."

*Photograph by Thankfull Snard*

unknown to him. In desperate need of money, she rifled a bureau containing banknotes, etc. In doing this she alarmed the household, and was discovered by the husband, who believed she had died many years before. All this was carefully explained to the musical director, who apparently grasped the author's intention, and promised that he would provide suitable music for the incident. On the opening night, when the actress went on for her great scene, and began to search the bureau for the money, the orchestra, under the provident care and guidance of the conductor, struck up, "I could do—could do—could do with a bit," the famous music-hall song, then at the height of its popularity. It no doubt expressed the mental attitude of the heroine, though scarcely under the emotional conditions required by the dramatist.

The curtain will barely have fallen on the final performance of "Attila" before Miss Irene Rooke starts for America, whither she is going under engagement to Mr. Ben Greet to play Portia, Ophelia, and the other leading woman's parts in the Shakespearean répertoire of that actor-manager, who is held in high esteem on the other side of the Atlantic.

During one tour Miss Rooke had a striking experience of the often-stated fact that it is impossible to go anywhere without meeting an Englishman. The company with which she was acting was on its way to San Francisco, and one night the train broke down in the middle of the mountains. The passengers alighted and made their way to an isolated cabin, in which the signalman and his wife had lived for seventeen years. The latter was an Englishwoman, and, as



COMMANDER BY THE KAISER: MISS RUTH ST. DENIS.

Miss St. Denis, the young American who makes a specialty of performing Indian dances and was seen in this country recently, has caused something of a sensation in Germany. She appeared by special command before the Kaiser, who marked his appreciation of her performance by giving her a diamond brooch.

particularly stirring passage, she rolled the words out in fine style. At that moment the train ran into Vauxhall. The moment it stopped the nervous-looking little woman leaped up, hurried past Miss Rorke with terror-stricken eyes and a face as white as a sheet, opened the door quickly and rushed down the platform. As the train steamed out of the station Miss Rorke saw her leaning against a lamp-post, limply fanning herself. She evidently thought the actress was a lunatic.

## PRESENCE OF MIND !



III.—GALLANT RESCUE OF A SHIP-WRECKED MARINER BY LOCAL COUNTY GENTLEMEN.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A MONG recent books of the verse which nobody hesitates to label "Minor," from a look at the covers and an uncomprehending turning of the leaves, is "The Bridge of Fire," by Mr. James Flecker. It is not suggested that any great little book of poetry comes and goes unrecognised; some one or other competent judge reads, it must be supposed, every volume of verse as it appears, on the chance of a young classic. It is such poetry as Mr. Flecker's that meets with scanty justice. Being hardly worth the while of a "discovery," it is overlooked, and that is too hard a fate for much of the fine, spacious diction of "The Bridge of Fire." One page, bearing the name of a poet who experienced the odium of the description "minor" from but a few of the critics, fallen deep into the habit of that easy adjective, reveals the source of much of Mr. Flecker's inspiration. Not he of the Seasons, as Mr. Flecker's images might suggest, but Mr. Francis Thompson, is Mr. Flecker's poet of poets. Elkin Matthews is his publisher.

Having read flattering reviews in two papers of some literary discretion, I pondered the purchase of Mr. J. H. P. James's "The Rime of Time," a book of "the Chief Events of English History in Chronological Order, arranged in Rime and Rhythm."

Being in Oxford Street when the resolution took me to spend a sixpence, I walked into the house of Bumpus and asked with some confidence for the book. "We have not stocked it, Sir," was the response, and when I mentioned that I had expected to be able to purchase the volume because I had seen it favourably noticed in prominent weeklies, I felt that the Bumpus assistant regarded me as a sly author trying to promote the sale of his own rhymes. The road next took me to an enterprising bookseller near Oxford Circus, and then to a palace of books in Leicester Square, and, again, to an enterprising shop in the Strand; but each attempt made stronger the guilty feeling of being Mr. James, to whom, therefore, my apologies. Finally, I arrived so near the publisher's own door that I secured my copy without the assistance of the laggard middleman.

Now even if Mr. James's book is not extremely well done, when once it has been reviewed, and well reviewed, the booksellers should see that it is not so difficult to buy. Wherefore are the papers filled with book-notices if even the leading booksellers of London heed them not at all? Though advertisements, as more than one publisher has told me, sell few books,

and exist largely because the author demands them, critiques have a happier reputation. But let authors beware of them. The average review is well written, and cunningly extracts the kernel of a volume; moreover, the reviewer, having the last word, contrives always to appear rather wiser than the author whom he is considering. He scolds him, and sets him right, and pats him on the back, and is so superior a person that the reader's temptation is to await his next review, and to abstain from countenancing that inferior class of author—the writer of books.

I was anxious to purchase Mr. James's book because I have always found that rhyme and rhythm help the brain to hold dates of Queens and Kings and battles.

A good grounding in natural history has been given to most of us through the nursery rhyme that runs—

Dogs and horses go on four legs,  
Little children walk on two.  
Fishes swim in water clear,  
Birds fly up into the air.  
Insects crawl along the ground,  
Windmills' sails go round and round.

Even if the usefulness of that verse is in question by the wise youth of this generation, no man can deny that the immortal, "Thirty days hath September" lesson has

[DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.]

### THE DIET QUESTION AGAIN.

FIRST FOOTBALLER : Why didn't you claim a foul?

SECOND FOOTBALLER : Because I'm a vegetarian!

been worth a sovereign to him at some crisis in his calendar.

O Lady Moon, your horns point to the East;

Shine, be increased!

O Lady Moon, your horns point to the West;

Wane, be at rest—

is another of the lessons in verse which lie quiet until the memory, during a magic walk at night, is probed for information.

The manner of Mr. James's rhymes is not charming, and the schoolboy who is set to learn that—

King Edward Sev'nth, Victoria's worthy son,  
Succeeded to the throne in nineteen-one—

or the very tame statement that—

Against the Prussian troops the King of France  
Decided, eighteen sev'nty, to advance—

was, perhaps, better off before his head master took to composition. But some at least are quaint, as—

In sixteen sev'ny-eight a Romish plot,  
Which Titus Oates denounced, existed not.

And

Succeeding Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman,  
His term of office nineteen five began,

should be learnt by every little Liberal boy and girl.

M. E.



## A DECIDED CHECK!

(WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THE "UMBERHAUER" TYPE OF SUIT BECAME FASHIONABLE FOR SPORTSMEN.)



GUEST: Devilish tame, aren't they, keeper?

KEEPER (under notice to leave): Yes, Sir. Yer see they're used ter me feedin' 'em, and I expects they take you for a bit o' wire netting.

## HOW DANCES ARE MADE FASHIONABLE.

BY ROBERT M. CROMPTON, PRESIDENT OF THE IMPERIAL SOCIETY OF DANCE-TEACHERS.

**I**T is by no means an easy matter to explain how ball-room dances become popular. As a matter of fact, the popularisation of new dances is difficult in England, in view of the domination of the waltz and lancers and an occasional polka. In this respect England's position differs entirely from that of the Continent. In Holland or Germany it is by no means uncommon to see twenty-six dances in a programme in which no single dance is repeated except the waltz, and that perhaps only once; and the same may be said, if not quite to the same extent, of France, Austria, and Hungary.

Still, new dances do, from time to time, become fashionable. So far as I can, I will explain the ways in which this occurs. In the first place, certain ladies who have been taught the dance novelties of the time in their schooldays have a partiality for one or two in which they used to distinguish themselves. When arranging dance programmes for some special function promoted by themselves, they introduce these favoured novelties. Then their guests, admiring this particular item of interest, repeat it when giving a similar party at their own homes. If this innovation takes place at a Society ball many people go away with the idea that it is *de rigueur* in London, and introduce the new dance or dances into their own programmes, so that the example gradually spreads until the novelty becomes universally danced. We teachers of dancing often see this in another phase. Would-be pupils from the country come to us and ask to be taught a certain new waltz, telling us that they hear it is quite the rage in London. This new dance often turns out to be merely the ordinary waltz distinguished by the peculiar way in which a gentleman holds his partner, or by some special mannerism of the dancers which has rendered them conspicuous, for if everybody in the ball-room had been doing the same thing it would probably never have been noticed.

The popularisation of dances by dance-teachers who have been taught novelties is, however, slow work, for what I may call the infant mortality of dancing is very great. Many dances are merely academic, and are introduced in school classes by different teachers for the purpose of keeping up the interest of the pupils who attend the classes from year to year during their stay at the school. Of the hundreds of dances which are thus invented very few attain popularity, and the rest die out with the season, to give place to new ones the next year. I might mention, however, that many of my own inventions have become standard dances, particularly on the Continent, especially the "Waltz Minuet," "Mignon," and the "Regal."

There is no doubt that the dance-teachers of the country could make any good dance fairly popular if they all combined to teach it, provided always that it was a pleasant dance, and that the music was of a melodious and catchy nature. Music plays a greater part in popularising dances than the majority of people are probably aware, and in the construction of a new dance it often suggests the movements which have been introduced. The popularity of the "Washington Post" a few years ago, and of the "Two Step" more recently, may be attributed to the fascination of the melodies with which they are associated, for it cannot be claimed for them that they tend to elevate the art of dancing. Rather, they encourage romping to a large extent, although the "Two Step," if properly executed, is by no means a bad dance.

Occasionally the stage will give a ball-room dance its vogue. In the old days of the Gaiety, Meyer Lutz's "Pas de Quatre" made what is now known as the "Barn Dance" popular. It did not, however, first suggest the dance, for the "Barn Dance" was originally the name given by American teachers to the "Schottische Militaire" because it was frequently danced to a melody called "Dancing in the Barn"; hence its present abbreviated title. Unhappily, however, most people do not realise the graceful possibilities of the "Barn Dance," but go at it in much the same manner as a schoolboy who starts out to kick a football.

The influence of the Court, too, has to be considered with regard to the popularity of dances. As everyone knows, the Court is very conservative, and novelties are rarely, or never, introduced.

One sees at Court, however, one dance which is seldom met with nowadays—the quadrille instead of the lancers. The reason for this is that while those who could take part in the lancers are limited in number, a great many can participate in the quadrille; and this allows the guests whose claim of precedence entitles them to the honour, to be included in the royal set. Nowadays, I regret to say, the lancers have degenerated, particularly in the South of England, into a sort of vulgar romp. We are, however, trying to eliminate from the dance all those objectionable features which are opposed to the spirit of the dance as originally introduced in the days when the lancers were equally popular with, and were welcome as a variation from the quadrille.

The question of the invention of dances is an interesting one in this connection. Just as there are eight notes in music from whose combinations all sorts of harmonies are produced, so in dancing there are five positions on which, and their combinations, the art is based. In this respect dancing is a synthetic art. The analogy of the composing of dancing to the composing of music may be carried farther. As there is form in music so there must be form in dancing. So many bars have to be used before a phrase in music is complete, and so many steps have to

be employed to form a phrase in dancing. Occasionally people make mistakes in these steps. In this way, they often produce something bizarre and inartistic; yet, because of this very quality, the innovation may catch on or may be used in the formation of a new dance or movement. Interest in dancing, indeed, is never-ending, not only through the number of possible new arrangements, but because of the variety of pupils who may introduce movements which suggest to the thinking and inventing mind the groundwork of a new dance. For next season the chief new dances to be introduced by the Imperial Society of Dance-Teachers are the "Cecilian Waltz," invented by myself, and the "Apollo Waltz" by Mr. Koopman. The "Cecilian Waltz" consists of a series of graceful movements in a waltz tempo, combined with other steps not employed in rotary motions, although the dance terminates with a few bars of the revolving movement of the ordinary waltz.

The subject of dancing, however, is a very wide one, and its importance is being demonstrated by the Imperial Society of Dance-Teachers, which was founded in 1904, with the aim, among others, of elevating the tone of dance-teaching until, in time, we hope it will be incorporated into a society like that of the musicians.



A PROFESSIONAL DANCER WHO NEEDS NO TEACHING: MLLÉ. MARIA BORDIN,  
PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Downey.

## BLACKMAIL!



THE SMALL BOY (*pointing to the notice-board*) : Give us a 'apenny, guv'ner, an' I won't tell on yer!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## NEAR THE ROSE.

\* BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THEY occupied the two corners of a seat on the parade, and took it in turns to cast approving glances at each other. Each was profoundly conscious of the other's attention, and unaware that the other knew it. They cherished an acute fear in common. Would some insufferable blunderer sit down on the considerable area of green bench that separated their corners?

The girl was not without resource: her bookmarker—the latest thing in publishers' advertisements—flattered towards the cliff. The young man sprang up.

"Allow me," he murmured, and returned it to her.

In sitting down after this feat of agility it did not seem necessary to return to his corner.

"Thank you," said the girl a little nervously. "It's so windy to-day, isn't it?"

"Very windy," agreed the young man with conviction.

"But warm," the girl suggested.

"Oh, decidedly warm," he allowed.

"Such a change from last week."

"And the week before."

"Oh, you've been here so long?" the girl cried.

"About three weeks."

"Really? We came a fortnight ago; we stayed in town for a late wedding."

He flicked a speck of dust from his coat. "Lady Marjorie Dalhurst's?"

"Yes."

"And are you staying much longer?"

"We go North next week—next Thursday; but we think of getting a day or two in town before that for shopping."

"Our programmes seem to be much the same," he said. "I'm going North, too, with one or two men who are at the hotel—"

"The Grand?" she asked quickly.

"No; the Empire."

"Oh! We're at the Grand. . . ."

Their conversation had travelled a considerable distance from hotels when an exclamation from the man suddenly broke it off.

"Pray excuse my rudeness," he said, with some appearance of haste. "Would you—would you mind walking a little way? The fact is, I've just caught sight of a man I particularly wish not to meet—no, not that one; to your right, with the lady in green—and if you would—thank you so much!"

They walked in silence for a minute or two. Then the girl laughed gaily.

"Is he so very bad?" she demanded. "A knave, a fool, or only a bore?"

"Who? Oh, yes. Colonel Ayton." The young man roused himself from an apparently gloomy train of thought. "He's—oh, he's not a knave, but he's certainly a bit of a fool, and a very pronounced kind of bore."

The girl nodded sympathetically. "Could we walk towards the post-office?" she suggested. "I have some letters to post."

They were opposite to it and about to cross the road when the girl drew back with a start. A motor turning a corner had all but touched her arm.

The young man glared after it. "Let me post them for you," he said solicitously, and hurried across the road. A name on the uppermost envelope caught his eye.

"Lady Audrey Ware? Then this one must be"—a notice in the "Visitors' List" flashed back to his memory—"must be Lady Phyllida, the sister."

As he rejoined the girl, a neighbouring clock chimed out a quarter, and he consulted his watch with incredulity.

"I'd no idea it was so late," he cried. "By the worst of luck, I happen to have an appointment which is rather important—"

The girl broke in. "Oh, it is late! I had no idea either. I must hurry too, or I shall be late for dinner."

They set off briskly.

"Do you generally sit on that seat?" asked the young man.

The girl laughed. "Oh, sometimes! I'm not very often out—"

He glanced at her in surprise. "No, really?"

"That is, not often alone," she corrected, with rising colour. "My people are very particular. They'd be simply horrified if they knew, and I—I really oughtn't to have—" She paused in distress.

"Don't you get any time for yourself?" he pleaded.

"Oh, well—! There's an hour or so after lunch, while they're having naps."

"I know. They call it writing letters, don't they?"

She nodded, smiling. "But I really mustn't—" she persisted.

"Please," he murmured; "just to-morrow, anyway."

She shook her head undecidedly. "I—I can't promise. Perhaps—"

The young man stopped suddenly, and she looked up. They were at the Empire Hotel. A porter was carrying a portmanteau down the steps to a cab, and on the pavement stood a man.

"The bore!" whispered the girl, with dancing eyes. But there was no response from her companion. He stood very still. And then suddenly, at a curt nod from the man near the cab, he left the girl. She stood in helpless astonishment, an unwilling and unnoticed listener.

"Why the dickens are you always out of the way when I want you?" growled the Colonel.

The young man's manner remained stiffly, rigidly respectful.

"You gave me leave to be out till seven, Sir," he said.

The Colonel frowned impatiently. "Oh, well, I suppose I did. But it's been a confounded nuisance. I'm called back to town unexpectedly, and I've taken what I want for the night. You can pack the rest and follow with it to-morrow morning."

"Very good, Sir."

As the cab drove off the young man turned, and without a look at the girl, began to mount the steps. She gave a little start, and her colour came and went. Then she ran to the foot of the steps.

"You've got my fan," she called faintly.

He turned and descended stiffly. "I beg your pardon, my lady."

She took it, opening and closing it restlessly.

"Come with me; I want to speak to you," she said, and led the way to the beach in silence.

But when she had sat down, and he was standing before her, she seemed to have nothing to say, and it was he who broke the silence.

"I must have been mad," he said bitterly. "And now I suppose it will cost me my place."

"No, no!"

He glanced at her. "You're very good, my lady. I don't know what made me do it. Your seeming to think from the very start that I was the real thing—"

"The real thing?"

"A gentleman, I mean. It seemed to—to go to my head."

She nodded. "Yes," she said softly, "that was it."

He looked a little puzzled. "It's so easy," he went on earnestly, "to copy the real ladies and gentlemen; you would hardly think how easy."

"Yes."

"And—and, of course, I don't mean to stop in service. I'm saving up to buy a business; but I'm not ready yet, and if the Colonel was to hear—"

She gave a little low laugh. "He won't hear."

"I'm much obliged, my la—"

"Don't! Oh, don't!" she said breathlessly. "Don't you see? It was *that* with me too—your seeming to be sure I was the real thing."

He looked at her incredulously. "You're not Lady Phyllida?"

She flushed. "I'm Lady Phyllida's maid. But—but one learns a lot, as you say, and I don't mean to be a maid always; and it—it was nice, pretending."

"Upon my word!" he said admiringly. "Pretending? You match the part as—as white matches white."

There was a short silence while he pursued an elusive foreign remark he had met with in his efforts towards a higher education. He grappled with it at last. "Si elle n'est pas la rose elle a vécu près d'elle," he understood himself to say, and then was conscious of a vague fear that the remark was not as entirely appropriate as he could have wished. He glanced anxiously at the girl. She blushed and smiled.

"You'll have to help me," she confessed prettily; "my Latin is very rusty." And the young man drew a breath of relief.

"It's about roses," he explained inaccurately; "and they—they stand for you and Lady Phyllida."

The mention of Lady Phyllida had the immediate effect of depressing the girl. "I'm an hour late," she said, rising.

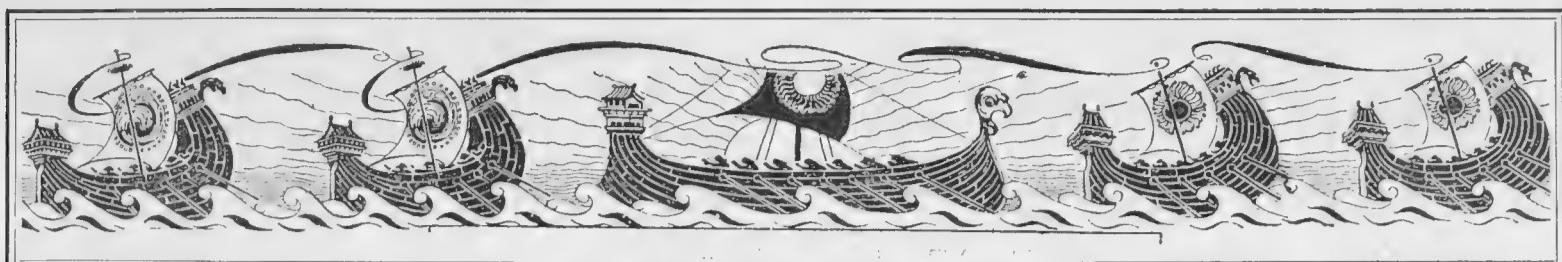
The young man looked at her solicitously. "Will there be a row?"

The girl's lip trembled. "Some roses have thorns," she observed shortly, as they struggled over the unstable shingle, and he offered an arm in silence.

When they reached the firm ground of the parade he addressed a remark to the sea: "In one year from now," he assured it firmly, "I shall be in a position to buy a little business."

The girl became absorbed in the buttoning of a glove. "Is it high tide yet?" she asked, with a marked increase of cheerfulness.

THE END.



## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

NOT the least interesting of royal visitors to our shores this summer has been Prince Louis Napoleon, the good-looking cousin of the King of Italy, and the younger brother of the Bonapartist Pretender to the French throne. The Prince has many friends among the British Catholic gentry, but he comes to England comparatively seldom; for he holds high rank in the Russian army. Tall, dark, and reserved in manner, he is thought by many people to be far more truly Napoleonic in appearance, and in far-reaching ambitions, than the brother to whose cause he is very loyal, for it is an open secret that the French Bonapartists—a more important group than most people suspect—would have liked to elect him as their chief.



A LADY WHO LIVED FOR YEARS ON A CUNARD LINER: THE LATE MRS. ELIZABETH ROHRBACH.

Mrs. Rohrbach's mother lived on board steamers of the Cunard line for some twenty years, and she herself made the "Etruria" her home for some years, and, indeed, died on the vessel. She left the ship only when it was necessary for her to go ashore to attend to matters relating to her property.

the second wife of a great German noble. She lives exactly the life described in her books, on her husband's estates near the Baltic, and there she often entertains British friends. Since the recital of

her gardening experiences brought her fame, and started a fashion in gardening books, the Gräfin, as her London friends call her, always spends part of the season in England, and it was here that her youngest child, a much-longed-for and ardently welcomed son and heir, was born.

*Bucolic Benedicks.*

There is a place called Moulton, in Lincolnshire, where the Parish Council, having been given an estate, is dealing it out in lots to suitable settlers, married preferred. But the comic thing is that it has got, among these bucolic pioneers, half-a-dozen bachelors whom it has placed under bond to marry "within a reasonable time." The form of agreement seems likely to make work for lawyers and jokes for judges. What would the conscript fathers of Moulton consider a reasonable time for Strephon to spend over the wooing and winning

of Phyllis? We say "and winning" advisedly, for Phyllis may jilt Strephon at the last moment; and the lovesick swain may have to begin all over again. Some decent interval would have to elapse before he proceeded to lay siege to the heart of Chloe, and, after all, she might refuse him. Meanwhile, Strephon's agricultural operations would surely suffer; we hear much of intensive farming nowadays, but never before have we heard of it in combination with anything so quaint as intensive matrimonial ardour!

*The Newest Peril.* The newest peril is neither Yellow nor Brown; it will not descend upon us from air-ship or aeroplane; it will not anchor upon silent, unwatched shores to take possession of us all while we are sleeping. It is something different, and it has arrived. All saleable country houses within reasonable distance of London are going to become the headquarters of golf clubs! Camden House, at Chislehurst, the pretty home in which Napoleon III. passed his declining days, has long been devoted to the royal and ancient game, and now Captain Vansittart has made over his charming place at North Cray to members of the same aggressive order. It should make a delightful course, with its real river, its real stone bridge, its real swans and real cygnets.

How, by the way, will it count to a man if he hole out in the eye of a swan, or drive his ball down the throat of a cygnet? Be that as it may, the golf club is the new peril. The American millionaires

and the African money kings have had their pick of the market, and now the golfers are on the tear. They can afford to pay well, and they will have to, but they evidently have an eye for value for money expended.

*A New Profession.*

The lively Gaul, ever progressive where comfort is concerned, has invented a new profession—that of packer. Most people who cannot afford to keep valets and ladies' maids know by bitter experience the agony of packing, the moral certainty of taking quantities of things you will not want, and

of leaving behind just those which will turn out to be most essential. Now, in Paris you simply order in a packer and look on luxuriously and smoke a cigarette while he (or she) packs. This long-felt want must at once be satisfied over here, and packing be added to the list of compulsory subjects at technical education institutes.



THE SECOND MR. PINERO: SENHOR JOAO PINERO.

The second Mr. Pinero is one of Portugal's most popular actors. Not only does he bear the same surname as the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but, curiously enough, he made his first great success at Oporto in a comedy entitled "Jóias de Família" ("Family Joys")—a contrast to "His House in Order"!



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY: THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, WITH HIS FAMILY AND TENANTS, AT HADDON HALL ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATIONS.

The festivities were held at Haddon and at Belvoir. The present Marquess was an Etonian, and is in his third year at Cambridge. Haddon Hall is no longer inhabited. [Photograph by the Topical Press.]

# KEY-NOTES

FOR the first performance of the autumn opera season, Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" has been selected, and with Giachetti in the name-part, Madame Lejeune as Suzuki, Sammarco as Sharpless, and Bassi as Pinkerton, there should be a first-rate performance. Even a critical survey of the programme, as far as it exists at time of writing, suggests that Londoners are to hear many operas given in the real grand season fashion at prices within the reach of the average theatre-goer. Dresses and stage-appointments, orchestra and chorus are to be as good as they are between May and July, while nearly half the leading singers engaged have made or confirmed their reputations at Covent Garden. It is an open secret that the financial results of the season are necessarily small; indeed, the organisers are quite disposed to be satisfied with any profit that may accrue, recognising that public taste for grand opera is of slow growth, and that it is unwise to force the pace. Since the first autumn opera season of three or four years ago London's response has been increasing slowly but surely year by year, and the time is fast approaching when for six or eight months in every year we shall have first-class operatic performances under the direction of those responsible for the present promising venture.

The advantages of the longer season are easily discovered. Quite apart from the brilliant note that opera strikes upon the rather muffled keyboard of the London autumn, it is possible to try experiments and to produce novelties at less cost than the spring season demands, and to give new operas a trial run. It is practicable, too, to make advantageous arrangements with chorus and orchestra, and even singers; for a twenty or twenty-five weeks' engagement grants opportunities that cannot be available when the season is for twelve or thirteen weeks, of which three or four are devoted largely to German music, and require a different set of artists. The longer the season the smaller the cost per night, and the greater the facility for dealing with a variety of works. In a few years we may look to see the considerable repertory of Covent Garden still larger than it is to-day, and, if the fates be kind, we shall find some few operas written by English composers and patronised by English opera-goers. Stranger things have happened in the history of music, and English composers are unduly restricted by the concert-hall and the provincial festival.

Many artists will be heard for the first time at Covent Garden in the next few days. On Friday Mlle. Brylin will make her début

as Santuzza in Mascagni's opera, and Mlle. Dereyne will make her first appearance as Nedda in "Pagliacci." On Monday the

American soprano, Miss Lindsay, who is said to be a distinguished artist, will sing the Marguerite music in Gounod's evergreen opera. Saturday night will see Covent Garden packed to welcome Maria Gay, who returns to repeat her wonderful performance of Carmen. We heard Mlle. Gay in Milan a few months ago, where her rendering of the same part created a profound impression. Curiously enough, it has not always been well received in Spain; in fact, Barcelona was quite angry about it. This attitude was not really due to any lack of merit in the creation; it was due rather to the Spaniard's unwillingness to see the heroine of Prosper Mérimée's book presented as the author created her. He would like the rest of Europe to believe that Carmen was a perfect lady. In Orfeo and other rôles that she has essayed Mlle. Gay has met with a rather scanty measure of success, but her Carmen stands alone, and her appearance as Amneris in "Aïda" will be looked for with keen interest. Here she will have no easy task, for Kirkby Lunn's rendering of the part is vocally and dramatically one of the finest individual performances that Covent Garden knows.

SINGER AND COMPOSER: MR. FREDERIC AUSTIN, THE WELL-KNOWN BARITONE, WHOSE RHAPSODY FOR ORCHESTRA IS TO BE GIVEN AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Mr. Frederic Austin, whose Rhapsody for orchestra is to be given at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts, is best known as a singer—indeed, the Rhapsody is his first work of any importance to be presented in a concert-hall. It will be remembered that Mr. Austin sang at Covent Garden during the unfortunate winter season of German opera, where his work was deemed of sufficient merit to secure him an invitation for the grand season, when he sang in "Meistersinger" and other Wagner operas under the direction of Dr. Richter. Mr. Austin received his musical education in this country.—[Photograph by Husted.]

At the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts, where the attendance remains large and enthusiastic, there have been several novelties. On Thursday night last, when Mr. Ivor Atkins presented two new songs with orchestral setting, and Mr. Felix White's overture, "Shylock," was heard for the first time, the programme included Brahms' fine Pianoforte Concerto in D Minor, played by Mr. Willibald Richter, and the prelude to the third act of the "Meistersinger." Of the overture, it may be said that it reveals considerable promise. Mr. White is quite a young man.

It was hardly necessary for him to take a call to reveal the fact, seeing that his score had saved him the trouble. He has ideas and a definite gift of expression, and though he has responded too readily to the influence of very modern German music, his work suggests that he is on the high road to acquiring an idiom of his own, for time is on his side.

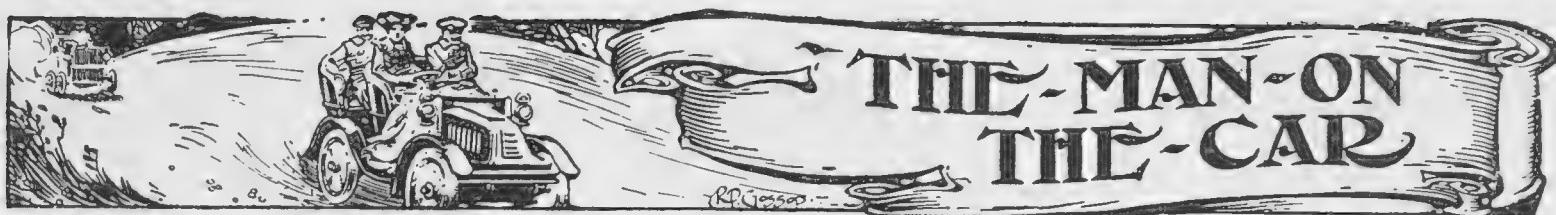
Madame Donalda, the famous Canadian soprano, is not one of the operatic artists who have little or nothing to do with these islands outside the opera season. Having conquered England, she is about to carry her triumphs over the Border, and is to make her first appearance in Edinburgh on Saturday next at an afternoon concert, under the patronage of the Duchess of Connaught, Lord Rosebery, Lord Strathcona, and others.

A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT WITH GRASS STRINGS: PLAYING THE SEZI IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

The sezi has two strings, made of grass, stretched along a wooden neck, at the end of which is the shell of a gourd or calabash. By the side of the path can be seen growing the African millet, or map.

Having conquered England, she is about to carry her triumphs over the Border, and is to make her first appearance in Edinburgh on Saturday next at an afternoon concert, under the patronage of the Duchess of Connaught, Lord Rosebery, Lord Strathcona, and others.

COMMON CHORD.



MAKING THE PUBLIC THINK MOTORS: A BREAKDOWN COMPETITION—THE WAYS OF THE MOTOR-TRAPPING CONSTABLE—A CAR FOR THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS—THE ECONOMICS OF MOTORING—DAMAGE DONE BY STEEL-STUDDED TYRES.

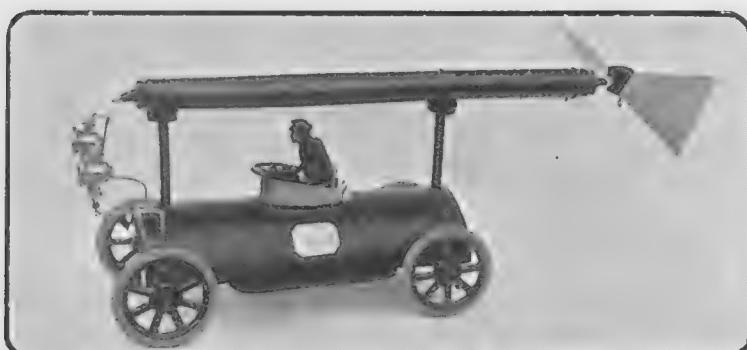
**I**N regard to the number and variety of motoring competitions organised in this country we are somewhat inclined to mark time compared with our friends across the Channel, who understand so much better than we do how to keep public interest not only alive in, but riveted upon automobilism. It is true that the Press take a fuller hand in such things over there, but, however attained, the fact remains that there is always something going on to make the public think motors. One day it is the struggles of Prince Borghese and his friend to drive, slide, push, and pull an Itala car from Peking to Paris, to-day it is a breakdown-divining and ameliorating competition, which ought to bubble over with interest. Each happy, or unhappy, competitor will be presented to a car which, for reason or reasons to him unknown, will not go, and it will be by the acumen, smartness, and skill which, in the estimation of the judges, he exhibits in dealing with the *panne*, that he will be awarded marks. Of

and comfortably running car upon which the writer made the Brighton-and-back trip not so very long ago. That car was a 15-h.p. Reo, which, it should be owned greatly to the writer's surprise, took Handcross Hill on the upward journey on her top speed without changing down. The further fact that this car would reach thirty on the level on top is proof and to spare that she was not undergeared. I was particularly struck with the solid manner in which the long-stroke engine hung smoothly on to its work when turning quite slowly. Assuredly the 15-h.p. Reo is the car for the M. of M. M.

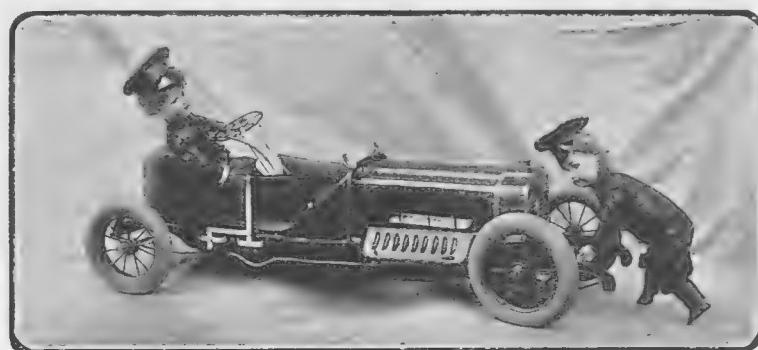
The writer, who enjoys the personal acquaintance of Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie, the well-known dramatic author, and has travelled with him over English roads in his veritable travelling Daimler car, on its Vico-spring wheels, Mr. Ogilvie's own invention (which car always suggests to him the war-carriage of the first Napoleon), is glad to learn that Mr.



THE BROOKLANDS TRACK.



IN IMITATION OF M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S PROPELLER FOR USE IN THE AIR: A MODEL OF AN AEROPLANE.



GETTING READY FOR THE RACE: STARTING THE ENGINE OF THE BRASIER CAR FOR THE GRAND PRIX.



A MOBUS—TO SAY NOTHING OF A DRIVER.

THE VERY LATEST IN MOTOR-TOYS: PLAYTHINGS FOR THE FUTURE CAR-OWNER.

*Photographs by Branger.*

course, as all practical motorists know, there is a big element of chance in such a competition nevertheless.

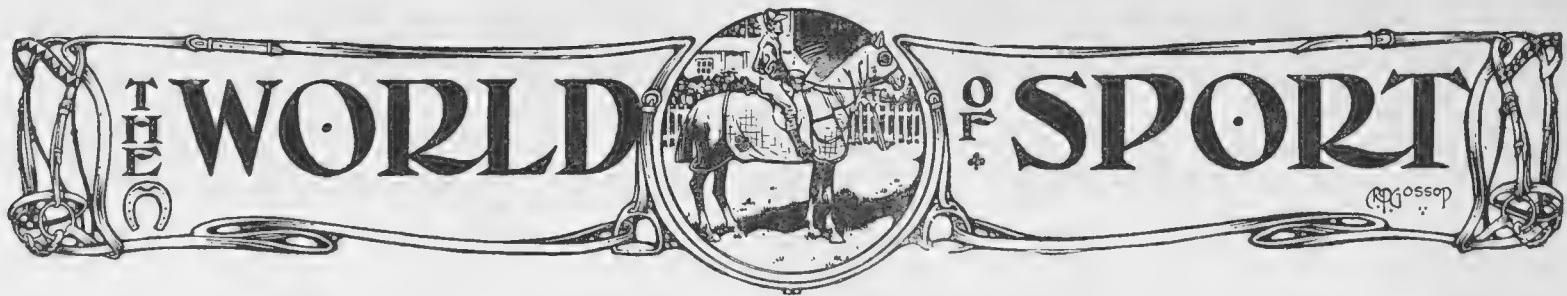
Indeed, indeed the ways of the motor-trapping constable are more than strange, and persistently peculiar. Some little time since Sir Henry Norman, M.P., who wrote that exceedingly interesting book about Russia, and has been a keen and prominent motorist since the earliest days of the movement, was timed over a measured stretch of road near Godalming, and summoned, and, of course, fined for driving at thirty miles an hour. In cross-examination the police officer who held the cheap Swiss chronograph admitted that he was quite ignorant of the fractions into which the dial of his watch was divided, and also that there was neither vehicle nor foot-passenger upon the road. The signalling constable intimated Sir Henry's entrance into the measured distance to his clocking superior by "unbuttoning his coat and showing his white waistcoat." The Motor Union is supporting Sir Henry's appeal.

A light, comparatively low-powered, economically running car, which can also be bought at a figure commensurate with the depth of the purse of the oft-quoted man of moderate means, and will take a party of four from London to Brighton on its top speed when the ratio is reasonable, and not absurdly low, as it is in some top-speed vehicles, is a car that is not come at every day. Now, that is a somewhat breathless sentence, but it fairly indicates a most sweet

Ogilvie will shortly publish an article on the "Economics of Motoring." Mr. Ogilvie is indeed well qualified to deal with this subject, seeing that for years past he has kept a most accurate account of the cost per ton-mile of the many high-powered cars he has owned. I am able to anticipate one conclusion at which he has arrived, and that is that he has found his Daimler the cheapest car per horse-power he has ever had through his hands, and that the cost of its up-keep per ton-mile is just on 75 per cent. less than that of any other car ever possessed by him.

I notice that considerable complaint is being made by certain local authorities as to the damage done to the roads by the steel-studded wheels of heavy touring motor-cars. By the light of my own experience,

I must admit that against some forms of steel-studded tyres they have indeed just cause of complaint. Certain of them are nothing short of brutal, and might be intended for scarifiers rather than non-skids. But brutality to road-surfaces is the accompaniment of certain outside makes, some of which boast huge hexagonal heads to their studs standing over five-sixteenths of an inch clear of the tread. With the new Michelin steel-studded non-skids, where the studs project through a thin protective cover of leather, the heads of the studs do not stand up sufficiently to harm the most friable road-surface, but are, nevertheless, absolutely proof against side-slip, and, being of the best hardened metal, long outwear the coarser kinds.



THE DOUBLE—CERTAINTIES—TOD SLOAN.

UNFORTUNATELY, Baltinglass met with a slight mishap at exercise the other day, and had to be stopped in his work. It may be that Major Loder's colt will not be quite wound up by Oct. 16, when the Cesarewitch is to be run. If he should be delivered at the post fit and well, I, for one, should take him to beat all comers. The compilers of the Free Handicap are of the opinion that Baltinglass is a good thing on the book for the Cesarewitch. Wuffy, who, it is said, is to be ridden by Maher, is a very smart horse; but he would need to be that to carry 8 st. 5 lb.—the lowest weight the American jockey could go to scale at. I think, of William I'Anson's lot, Spate will turn out to be the best, and I have heard wonderful accounts of the staying powers of Royal Dream. Indeed, City men have backed Mr. J. Joel's two—namely, Royal Dream and Dean Swift—in doubles. The Newmarket men are inclined to favour Demure, who has done plenty of long work, and, as Brewer trained Chaleureux for the Cesarewitch that he won, he should know what is required of a horse designed to capture the race. Tirara may run for both races, and he is very likely to win one of the two, but I think he will be better suited by the distance of the Cambridgeshire. For the last-named event Gold Riach is very much fancied, despite a poor performance at Hurst Park. Roseate Dawn has a big chance on paper, provided he does not earn a penalty in the Duke of York's Stakes. He is said to have come back to his best form. I am truly thankful that I am not compelled to make final selections to-day.

MRS. TOD SLOAN: MISS JULIA SANDERSON, WHO WAS MARRIED TO THE FAMOUS JOCKEY A FEW DAYS AGO.

Much interest was caused by the announcement of the marriage of Tod Sloan, the jockey who caused so much sensation over here by his curious seat and the remarkable number of wins he scored, and Miss Julia Sanderson, the American actress who is playing Peggy in "The Dairy Maids," in New York.

suiting by the distance of the Cambridgeshire. For the last-named event Gold Riach is very much fancied, despite a poor performance at Hurst Park. Roseate Dawn has a big chance on paper, provided he does not earn a penalty in the Duke of York's Stakes. He is said to have come back to his best form. I am truly thankful that I am not compelled to make final selections to-day.

To judge from the bold advertisements of the advertising tipster, long-priced winners are very easy to find. I often read in the advertising columns of a sporting paper that So-and-so gave "this beauty" or that "unbeatable gem," while in the news columns we find something to this effect: "Neither the owner nor trainer of the winner had a shilling on, as he was thought to have no chance." The champion guessers get home occasionally, but very seldom. I once had a very funny experience in the tipping line, which in these days would sound ludicrous. A horse was running at Alexandra Park with a 7-lb. penalty, and he was to carry the colours of his new owner, having changed hands, but not stables, after winning in the Midlands. The new owner came to me just before the start and asked why I had tipped his horse. I answered, "Because my tout says it is walking over, and my advice to you is to go your maximum on the good thing";

but he replied, "It is not on the map with So-and-so." I said, "What can you possibly know about your animal? Do as I tell you." He did, and, strange as it may seem, his horse ran a dead-heat with the very animal he had fancied. The stakes were divided, and as my tip started at 7 to 1 against, the new owner did fairly well over the race. But the brute who had been the cause of all the controversy turned out, later on, to be a regular flat-catcher, and I believe his owner lost a big sum of money over him. Indeed, the only win he had over the horse was the one referred to.

The excitement in America over Tod Sloan's marriage proves that the little man who taught the English jockeys how to ride remains a persona grata in dude circles. I do not hesitate to say that I thought Sloan the very best jockey I ever saw ride in a race, and I, for one, was awfully sorry when his license to ride in this country was refused. Of course the discipline of the Turf must be maintained at all cost, and if he broke the laws of the Jockey Club he really deserved his punishment; all the same, he has been sadly missed by those who appreciate the art he displayed in getting some of the biggest rogues in training first past the post. Some readers

may remember that at the time of his many successes I put forward in this column a theory entirely my own as to how it was done. Sloan possessed a musical voice, and he used to talk nicely, and even sing, to his horses on the way to the starting-post. Further, he would pat them on the neck, and succeed in making friends with them. This 'cute practice of his would give the animals confidence, with the result that they put forward their best efforts under his coaxing influence. Contrast this method with the gruff manner adopted by many butcher jockeys, and you will see why it was Sloan succeeded while so many others failed. One incident in Sloan's career which did him no good was the occasion when he struck a waiter at Ascot with an empty champagne-bottle. I gave publicity to the affair at the express wish of a high race-course official who had witnessed the contretemps, and felt that it should be made public in the interests of



THE ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO BLACKMAIL MR. SOLLY JOEL: MR. SOLLY JOEL, WHO HAS CAUSED THE ARREST, ON A CHARGE OF BLACKMAIL, OF THE MAN WHO SHOT HIS BROTHER.

Von Veltheim, who shot Mr. Woolf Joel in Johannesburg in 1898, was tried for murder, and was acquitted after a trial lasting eight days, was recently arrested in Paris, in order that he might be brought to England on a charge of blackmailing Mr. Solly Joel. Mr. Solomon Barnato Joel is, of course, the well-known member of the firm of Barnato Brothers, and is a nephew of the late Barney Barnato.

*Photograph by Horace W. Nichols.*

The usual denials were forthcoming, but the facts were unshakable, and the public very naturally took the side of the innocent waiter.

CAPTAIN COE.

*Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.*

## WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Dismal Homes  
of England.

A witty writer in a morning paper declares that the British Empire is the consequence of British family life; that it is, to put it bluntly, full of people who have gone out into the world and done great things to get away from home. It is certain, even from a cursory

glimpse of one of our great dominions beyond the seas, that colonial "interiors" are brighter and more agreeable than English ones. There is more gaiety, more variety, a fuller sense of life, than in the stuffy, monotonous drawing-rooms of suburbia, and the still more tedious drawing-rooms of the countryside. One of the reasons that alcoholism commits such ravages in the British Isles is the intolerable ennui of family life. And, moreover, it is precisely when we Britons set out to entertain each other with malice aforethought that we bore each other most egregiously. There is sometimes, in a

primordial meaning. If she thinks fit to appear foolish to her lord and master, be sure there is some primitive and instinctive reason for it. Nature is inscrutable, and works in manifold ways, and probably Woman is like the caterpillar, which assumes the hue, and something of the shape, of the green leaf on which it rests and feeds.

Revival of the  
Wahlverwand-  
schaften.

It has erroneously been supposed that English-speaking peoples could never seriously take up the problem of Wahlverwandschaften, because they could not pronounce or spell the word.

When Goethe wrote his famous novel he probably only aspired to reach romantic and philosophic Germany; but in an evil moment the tale was translated, and immediately set two Continents on fire and devastated innumerable domestic hearths. Particularly did the idea of Elective Affinities flourish in the United States of America, though the country-folk showed themselves unsympathetic to the movement for exchanging husbands and wives by tarring and feathering the gentlemen and setting them on rails. In this strange, bird-like disguise the pioneers temporarily cut a somewhat undignified figure; but for several decades the movement flourished, until, in the great American game of grab, domestic ideals were forgotten, and mere theories fell into disrepute. But the shade of Wolfgang von Goethe must smile at the revival of the Wahlverwandtschaften in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Earle and the alluring Miss Kutner.

Farewell,  
Cabbie!

The passing of the London hansom—uncomfortable and dangerous as it is—will cause us as many pangs as if the gondola were to disappear forever from the canals and lagoons of Venice. For most Londoners youth and romance are inextricably mixed up with the hansom, and the

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THE BALMACAAN CONDUIT COAT AT KENNETH DURWARD'S,  
ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, W.

*(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)*



*[Copyright.]*

## A SMART HAT FOR THE AUTUMN.

*(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)*

large circle, a hypocritical pretence of enjoying the "family joke"—usually as hoary as it is pointless; but to outsiders this form of humour is always as exasperating as it is incomprehensible.

Pleasing Varieties  
for the Home  
Circle.

The writer of this spirited attack on British family life does not offer any solution of the problem. I fancy that the curious mania for bridge which possesses all classes, all ages, and both sexes is but a symptom of the universal boredom. At cards, at any rate, one is not supposed to talk, except to utter certain cabalistic phrases connected with the game in hand. It is in conversation that the average Briton presents himself in the least engaging light, so that all attempts to lighten the gloom in this direction would meet with small success. Yet variety might be introduced into the home circle in several ways. For instance, on certain evenings, parents and children might change rôles, the sons and daughters taking the head of the table, admonishing their parents, or making them perform on various musical instruments when they had no mind for it, and sending their elders early to bed while they smoked cigarettes, looked on the whisky-and-soda while it was sparkling, and consumed the yellow-backed novels issued by MM. Calmann-Lévy and Lemerre. In childless homes the wife might give little lunches at her club, taking people on to the play, while the husband spent the afternoon paying calls in suburban drawing-rooms or wrestling with dressmakers on the question of gimp.

Wise Wives. The proposal that there should be an examination in history, science, economics, and the use of the globes before a young person might become a bride is one of those preposterous suggestions which could only emanate from someone totally ignorant of the human comedy. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum, but not so Man, for a vacuum in his wife's brain is precisely what he admires most of all. It appeals to him always and irresistibly. It enthrals his youth, amuses his middle-life, and solaces his old age. If there is one thing the "average sensual man" fears and dislikes, it is a wise and witty woman. Fortunately, they are rather rare, or the prospects of the British Empire might be jeopardised. Then, again, women have acquired, through centuries of heredity, a pleasing faculty for hiding their intelligence and disguising their mental equipment—and this, no doubt, in the interests of the race, for everything that Woman does, thinks, and feels has some deep, mysterious, and



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*(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)*

name of its driver is alone a proof of its association with light-hearted gaiety and irresponsible adventure. It is certain that no one ever addressed the driver of a four-wheeler as "cabbie," while the notion of calling the stern mechanician who propels the red Renault by this diminutive is simply unthinkable.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THIS week pheasant-shooting is the chief Society amusement. The birds, like everything else this year, are backward—the youngsters look very juvenile indeed. Still, it is the thing to go out on the First, so house-parties were assembled on Monday, and the happy days of freedom from care for handsome Mr. Pheasant and his homely wife and their chicks are over. This year there is a craze among men, especially the younger men, for shooting cock pheasants. They will form a fashionable hat-trimming this autumn, and commands have been laid upon sportsmen by their women-kind to secure for them the handsomest specimens. The breast of the bird and the appurtenance thereof—namely, the tail, are to be used in similar style to Paradise birds' plumage. It would seem, therefore, that in pheasant, as in human, circles the feminine sex are likely to preponderate. Doubtless they will go in for the suffrage, although a fair division of beautiful plumage would be their more reasonable feminine rights.

Generally, about this time of year, there is rumour of novelty in bridal gowns. Variety there always is; novelty never; and all hope for it seems as extinct as the dodo. The suggestion that brides should symbolise in their wedding-dress some legend connected with their family will hardly lead to novelty. Two instances are given—one, a descendant of the Bruce, who had spider-webs embroidered on the dress for her marriage. That is not novel, and is suggestive to the ribald of netting a husband! Another is white heather used as a design for embroidery. There is nothing new about that, and the legend that a badge was given for luck by a chieftain going into war, and the heather shone and blinded his enemies, is pretty, but impractical. Should legendary wedding-dresses come into vogue, a fresh expense would be added to the already heavy burdens of the parents—someone would have to invent the legend. Limited numbers of families have one ready. The novelty that would be sensible for winter brides would be dresses of velvet or cloth. There is considerable excitement about getting married; and when cold is added, the shivery condition of a bride suffering from both is neither becoming nor pleasant.

Games never have been in such favour in this country as now. Everybody must play something, and quite a conventional question is, What games do you go in for? Women join men in the universal playground; if they don't, they are what is colloquially known as "out of it." Bowls are revived, and at country-houses where there has been an old bowling-green immense pains are being taken to get it into order again. Village inns which boast bowling-greens, as many do, are being approached with a view to having bowling-clubs for ladies and men.

Hats will be rather heavy on the head this autumn and winter, as they are being made of glacé silk and satin and roughened felt. Some women cannot wear heavy hats, and for them the alternative will be chiffon. It is quite the thing, too, to have the brims lined with different colour. A picture-hat of oyster-white satin, the brim lined with grey and trimmed with shaded grey ostrich-feathers, is quite pretty, and goes amicably with any dress. Smaller hats are worn, but the diminutive millinery that obtained during the summer is out of date. Four-cornered hats in felt, glacé, or velvet are worn with no trimming save a great panache at one corner. Neutral shades, grey and brown, are much in favour. They are backgrounds for brilliantly hued trimmings in feathers and flowers. The Cavalier-shaped hat makes a welcome rentrée; it is not, of course, a cheap style of headgear, as it is at its best in velvet, with a long, handsome ostrich-feather round the gown. The present fashion goes one better than the Cavaliers, in having a handsome aigrette of feathers reared up at one side. It gives just the right touch to the chapeau.

"Lalo" is the name given to an antiseptic preparation of ingredients combined in proportions most suited to promote growth of hair, to remove dandruff, and generally to give nourishment to the roots of the hair, while at the same time it gives it a soft and glossy appearance and cleanses the scalp. It is the outcome of prolonged study of the diseases of the scalp and hair, and should certainly be tested. It can be obtained from the Lalo Company, 13A, Ship Street, Brighton, at 3s. 6d. a bottle; by post, 3s. 9d.

## ARISTOCRATIC CHILDREN.

**I**F the boy is father to the man, then the group of stalwart little lads who may all live to be twentieth-century peers augurs well for our Hereditary Legislature. The Hon. Edward George William Tyrwhitt Knollys will almost certainly spend his life at Court, for he is the only son of our Sovereign's trusted private secretary, and is a page-of-honour to the King. Master Knollys is only twelve years old, several years junior to his only sister, who is one of this year's débutantes. Roger, Lord Grey of Groby owes his fine-sounding old courtesy title to the fact that his father, now Earl of Stamford, took the trouble to establish his right to his ancient earldom some four years before his son's birth. Lord Stamford is the only "belted earl" who ever adorned the scholastic profession; at one time he taught philosophy and classics at a college in Barbadoes. Lord Grey's only sister, a pretty little maiden of eight, bears the historic title of Lady Jane Grey, and doubtless by this time knows all about that ill-fated child Queen and her pitiful end. An Irish "elder son" is perhaps the best-looking future Peer of tender age. This is little Lord Bective, who inherits the winsome, comely beauty of his mother, *née* Miss Rosie Boote. Lord Bective and his brother, Lord William Desmond Taylour, are true little Paddies; their lives are spent mostly in Ireland, and Lord Bective is already proving himself a miniature sportsman.

Another pretty little Irishman of five years old is Master Anthony Edward Wolseley Weldon, the elder of the two sons of a popular Irish Baronet who won his D.S.O. in the South African War, and who was for a time A.D.C. to the then Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley. Master Weldon shares his birthday with Queen Alexandra, and as each first of December comes round there are rejoicings on the two Irish estates to which he is heir.

The picturesque name has stayed long in fashion, and had its greatest vogue, perhaps, in the 'eighties. Quite a number of beautiful new - century girls are named Rosemary, a case in point being Miss Rosemary Cohen, who is related to Lord Rosebery's children, for the late Lady Rosebery's mother was a Miss Cohen. Diana is another name which is once more popular after nearly a century's eclipse. Lord and Lady Alington's only daughter is named after the hunting goddess of the woods, but Lady Diana Sturt might well be nicknamed, *à la* Meredith, "Diana of

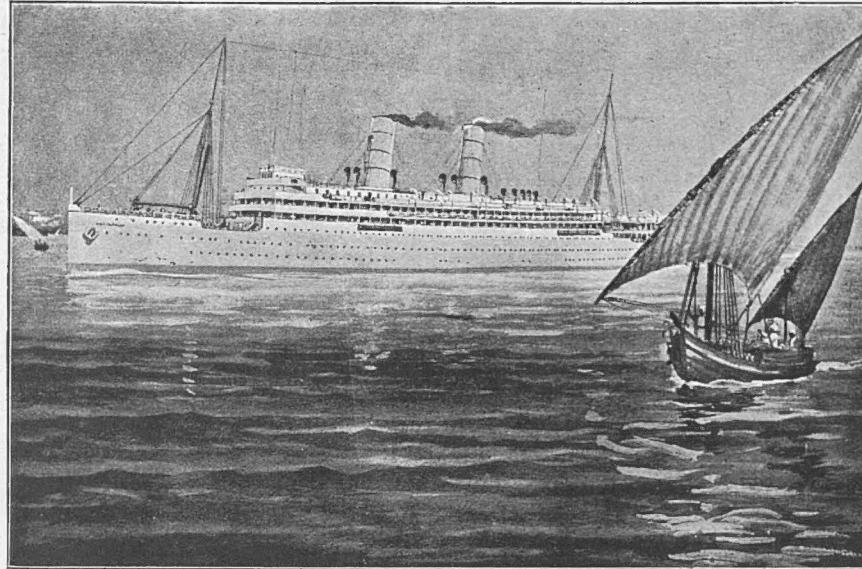
the White Farm," for at her beautiful country-home, Criche, in Dorset, is the finest collection of all-white animals in the kingdom.

"The Balmacaan Conduit Coat," made by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, is an all-round coat, useful either for driving, motoring, travelling, or as a steamer wrap, and is made up in all Scotch tweeds, Harris and Lovat mixtures. It is made large enough to wear over another coat and skirt, and is what one might call a perfect slip-on coat. An illustration of the coat appears on "Woman's Ways" page.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in sixty minutes" Pulman limited express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 6, from Victoria 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 9 p.m.

The London Corset Company, of 28, New Bond Street, are holding an extraordinary sale of French blouses, from Oct. 7 to 12 inclusive. These include models in silk, lace, net, linen, delaine, flannel, muslin, nun's veiling, etc., and the prices commence as low as 5s. 9d. All of these blouses were made in Paris, and are being offered regardless of their original cost, to effect a clearance.

Mr. Lancelot Wilkinson appears to have made a scientific discovery of moment in his coal-saver "Mehamo," which is a powder to be dissolved in water, and simply sprinkled over your coals. This solution, it is claimed, improves the burning of the cheapest coal, consumes and utilises the smoke (thus avoiding the chimney-sweep and purifying the air), and makes your coal go twice as far. Householders are invited to write to the Wilkinson Coal Economiser and Smoke Combustion Company, at Mehamo Works, Canning Town, E., for full particulars.



FROM MARSEILLES TO ALEXANDRIA (VIA NAPLES) IN THREE DAYS: THE "HELIOPOLIS," ONE OF THE TRIPLE-SCREW TURBINE STEAMERS OF THE EGYPTIAN MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The Egyptian Mail Steamship Company—an English concern—has decided to develop the British traffic by British liners to Egypt. It has already launched two magnificent steamers of 12,000 tons, built on the Clyde by the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, and will take up the cudgels in the Mediterranean service with the enterprising and indefatigable German lines. A healthy and honest competition will it be—and also a serious one.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 9.*

## A MEDLEY OF INDUSTRIALS.

**I**N one way and another, the Industrial Market manages nowadays to secure its full share of the general business that is going round the House; in fact, some of the dealers in other departments seem to think that the Miscellaneous jobbers are getting more than they should. The small capitalist is making his presence felt, and, as he takes up what he buys, this is a factor of sterling importance to the strength of the market. Possibly the small investor has arrived at a better understanding of the methods upon which marginal investments and such-like systems are run: possibly he recognises the solid advantages which payment of cash for purchases involves. The rise in Liptons will have been noticed with gratification by many readers of these Notes. We do not consider the time has come yet for taking profits. Lipton Ordinary may easily go to 26s., or thereabouts. Marconi shares are a good deal to the front on account of the imminence of the Company's making a commercial commencement. We should let the shares quite severely alone. Vickers and Armstrongs, despite the labour troubles, are good investments still. The rise in Calico Printers has farther to go before it stops. With the approach of winter the Bovril trio generally begin to improve: the movement is still delayed. For the time being, Rubber shares look a little bit tired.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Putting this and that together," said Our Stroller, as he applied a match to his cigar. "I fail to see how the present railway situation can be concluded otherwise than by a rise in the men's wages."

"Or a diminution in their hours?"

"Which comes to precisely the same thing, from the point of view of the companies and their dividends."

"That is so," assented his broker. "But, still, I consider that the market looks good, and that we may see a rise."

"Temporarily only. Before the winter is halfway through you will see depression in that market, as sure as your name's Billy."

"Which it isn't," laughed the broker. "It's William—a vastly different thing."

"The men will have more money, however the present crisis may be settled. And because of the Socialistic tendencies of the age, you'll find railway directors making the worst of things—not the best—in the next batch of dividends and accounts."

The broker sighed, and Our Stroller turned aside as a couple of men came up and began chatting about golf with their House friend.

"Which ones?" our friend overheard a bystander say to another.

"St. Louis Breweries principally. The Preference look cheap, if all one hears can be believed."

"I've heard nothing."

"They tell me that the Preference will get 15s. a share dividend, clearing off all the arrears, and that there may be a bit left over for the Ordinary."

"What's the price of the Preference?"

"About 8½ for the £10 share, fully paid. Eight per cent., and cumulative."

"Rotten market, that's the worst of it. One day they will be all buyers, and then for a month you won't be able to deal."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "It's one of the risks you have to take with the fat dividends," he argued. "And if you go for big interest you must be prepared to—"

"Mind your backs, please, gentlemen. Minedgerbacks."

The little crowd swayed aside to permit the passage of the telephone men with their barrow, carrying two long ladders.

"A drive! A raid! A got-up scheme!" an old gentleman was saying indignantly on the pavement. "Tanganyikas were forced down by sheer manipulation. Nothing less."

"In that case—"

"And so they will," the veteran replied to the unfinished deduction. "Sell them now? Why, it's the very time to buy more, if you don't mind a gamble. That's all the shares are, of course."

"Not so bad as Pahangs," interposed another man. "I made five bob a share out of them, and could have collared much more if I'd only kept them; but they are such a wicked gamble."

"I don't agree with you, my son," a youngster told him. "The people at the back of the show are wealthy, honest, and holders for far higher prices. The people running down the affair are, some of them, frightfully sick because they weren't allowed to enter the syndicate that has made such a difference in the Company's affairs."

"Ever tried to break the record for the mile?" somebody asked with apparent irrelevance.

"Mile? No. What in the wide world d'you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. It struck me that, as you are so long-winded, you might—"

He had good reasons for not completing the explanation.

"Come down to the Yankee Market," Our Stroller was besought by his broker. "I have a little limit in Unions that I want to leave with a man. That's the Rio Tinto market, there. Let's see what they are."

"Any change in Rios?" he asked a dealer.

"Tintos are about a quarter—not quite so good."

The broker thanked him, and as they moved away Our Stroller

had the curiosity to ask why some people called the shares "Rios" and others called them "Tintos."

"That's for the convenience of the foreigners in the market," the broker laughed. "Some of them can't pronounce the word 'Rios,' but most of them can manage 'Dindos' all right."

"The price of copper is rather affecting Yankees just now, is it not?" asked Our Stroller.

"I should think so indeed. *Pas demi*, as Mr. Punch's Cockney tourist says on the Continent.

"Then how low is cop—"

"I hasten to confess an illimitable ignorance on the subject. Nobody can possibly tell what the manipulators will do with the price of copper, and I've given up guessing."

"Know anything about Mount Lyells?"

"A chap I know who is closely connected with the Company tells me they are dirt cheap, on merits, at five-and-twenty shillings."

"Aren't they nearer thirty?"

"At present. If they go down a bit, I'm going to stand myself a few."

In Shorter's Court the workmen were dropping iron girders about until the place rang with the noise, and an arbitrageur who was trying to deal in Unions suspended his attempts in despair.

"Go it, Bob," Our Stroller heard one brawny son of toil say to his mate, "we'll show the toffs they ain't the only ones wot can make a row."

So, bang! went another steel girder on to the ground.

Our Stroller's appetite for a lead on the American Market outlook was effectually allayed by a cloud of dust that caused all but the most hardened habitués of the Court to beat a hasty retreat towards the nearest fountains.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1907.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. F. M.—Thanks for your interesting letter. It is because we have found out what you so graphically describe that Tariff Reform, Colonial Preference and the like are at a discount.

A. T. S.—(1) Yes, a very good investment. They have risen since you wrote. (2) The stock has been low because of fears that the coffee crop would be bad, and the general fall in most things. (3) A good speculative investment. You cannot put nitrate things on a par with industries like gas or railways.

BALLYNAHWHICH.—We hear good accounts of the Light and Power shares, and think they are likely to turn out well. The gold bonds are a good purchase at present price, but don't have too many eggs in one basket.

ARTHUR P.—See answer to "C. A." in our last issue; and as to Rubber shares, "Q's" note in the same.

BARRIER.—If you can tell the price of lead and zinc six months hence, you can safely speculate in Broken Hills. The price of the shares practically follows those two metals.

W. A.—Since you wrote it has been publicly announced that the new plant started running on Sept. 20.

S. F. J.—We have asked "Q" about Lancefields. He says that there have been so many disappointments over Bewick Moerings things that it is doubtful when a recovery may be expected. The shares rank alike, we believe, in all respects.

RUBBER.—Perhaps you are right. We have little faith in early improvement. As to Railway Debentures, who will guarantee the guarantors? We cannot arrange to see you and talk things over.

DUKE.—Hold your Commonwealth Oils. We cannot tell you of anything better.

E. K.—The Preference shares are a good investment to pay 5½ per cent.; but there is not much room for a considerable rise. If you want a gamble, Little Trunks; or an investment, Canada Company shares.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket, the following should go close; Great Eastern Handicap, Larig; Boscawen Stakes, Royal Realm; Fifty-Ninth Produce Stakes, Doryanthes; Hopeful Stakes, Pearl of the Loch; Beaufort Stakes, Bridge of Cann; Welter Handicap, Pane; Snailwell Stakes, Camp Fire II.; Thursday Nursery, Ride On; Double Trial Plate, Pendule; Jockey Club Stakes, All Black; October Handicap, Rayon; Brebly Welter, Reckless; Newmarket St. Leger, Larig; Ditch Mile Nursery, Cinderello; Rous Memorial Stakes, Perrier. I think Perambulator will win the Silver Bell Handicap at Lanark, and Cornfield may win the Gold Cup at Edinburgh. The following should go close at Windsor: Royal Borough Handicap, Manaton; Queen Anne's Welter, Novice; Merry Wives' Nursery, Malines.

## "THE BELLE OF THE BALL": THE ART OF ADELINE GENÉE.

OF Adeline Genée the dancer there has been praise in plenty. Her gifts and graces have made immediate and intimate appeal to all who have a sense of the beautiful, and if most of the praise that has been showered upon the Empire's favourite is absolutely uninformed on the technical side, it is at least spontaneous and sincere. Undoubtedly, the young Danish artist has taken her place side by side with the dancers of the early and middle nineteenth century, those immortals of whom so few witnesses survive; but, curiously enough, a great part of the gifts that made the lasting fame of opera dancers in years past would not help Adeline Genée to-day. To our unpractised eyes one difficult step is very much like another, and while our fathers and grandfathers understood the technical achievements and limitations of all who appeared before them, we are, in this respect, a race void of understanding.

The art of Adeline Genée, a rare and precious thing that has lent distinction to the Empire, and through the Empire to all London variety houses for seven years, is founded upon dancing, but goes far beyond it. The art that enables a dancer to vitalise ballet, to interpret the music, to hold the performance together, redeeming it from mere sensuous attraction, is the mimetic art, and here we find Adeline Genée armed at all points. She has more than the gift of a dancer's grace, the charm of exquisite balance, the power of passing quickly and without apparent effort from a sudden movement to a pose that suggests the sculptor at his best. She has taken the somewhat stiff and formal movements of the orthodox mime, and by an infusion of her own gracious personality endowed them with the life they refuse so often to reveal in the interpretation of less sympathetic artists. Her sense of what is beautiful wakes the spirit of gesture, as music calls Hermione to life in "A Winter's Tale." To Adeline Genée the Empire stage is ever a fairyland, the story that the ballet unfolds is no mere figment of Katti Lanner's imagination, no scheme laboriously built up, to which musician, costumier, and stage-carpenter have all contributed their best, but some real and delightful adventure upon which she has set out, always to a happy ending. As far as outward seeming is concerned there has only been one ballet of "Cinderella"; in reality every ballet at the Empire in which Adeline Genée takes part is founded upon the same familiar legend. Her grace, her charm, the exquisite sincerity of her movements, her absolute absorption in the story lead always in one

direction—that is to the conquest of Prince Charming, no matter what his stage name may be. Though the auditorium very seldom holds a Prince, and must needs contain men and women to whom the epithet "charming" might not altogether apply, one and all respond to the fascination that defies the restriction of footlights and spreads throughout the house, stimulating alike the least significant member of the gallery and the most heavily gilded occupant of the stalls. To the fascination of dancing that is unrivalled in our day, the dancer brings the gifts of the actress, and the combination is irresistible. As long as Adeline Genée is on the stage, fairyland is made manifest, and we have neither Leicester Square nor Empire Palace of Varieties, neither coryphées nor supers, but just immortals, celebrating their revels as Oberon and Titania did in the woods beyond Athens in the days when Shakespeare developed Chaucer's "Knight's Tale" into the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Because the dancer has found fairyland, we can follow her thither from surroundings in which strong men rage and low comedians imagine vain things.

The mimetic art, so difficult either to master or to render intelligible, becomes a persuasive thing when Adeline Genée interprets it. She has coaxed from mimicry its utmost possibilities, she has made it simple even in subtlety, and pleasing in most conventional forms, convincing when it attempts to achieve most. The reproach that it is arbitrary and uninspired becomes ridiculous when Genée shows us the full extent of its possibilities. For once, at least, one feels that behind the silence of dumb show lies a greater eloquence than that of the spoken word, that the emotion made manifest by some graceful action of hand and body expresses the heart and mind of the actress more definitely than the same thought vocalised. The shafts of ridicule levelled against the makers of mimetic convention fall to the ground when one sees the underlying possibilities of the teaching brought to the surface by a gifted exponent, and the old enthusiasms associated with ballet in the mid-Victorian era are explained and seem reasonable.

It was probable a few years ago that the mimetic art would die out in this country with the retirement of Madame Cavallazzi, but, happily, that was not to be. Adeline Genée has taken the double burden of dancing and miming in fashion that has surprised her greatest admirers and has silenced the countless ill-informed people who were always eager to assure us that ballet was dead beyond hope of resurrection. If her gifts could be transmitted by teaching, there would be hope for a great revival of ballet, perhaps to the much-needed confusion of existing forms of English stage-dancing. Unfortunately, Adeline Genée's charm is personal, and none but herself can be her parallel.

S. L. BENUSAN.

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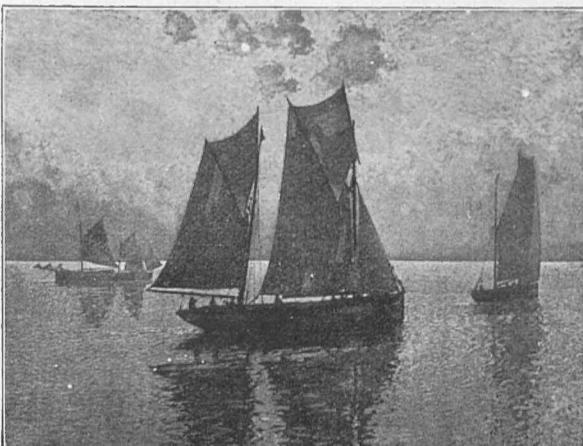
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